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POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY

HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

ORNAMENTED WITH FRONTISPIECES.

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TO

WILLIAM MITFORD, Esq.

SONNET.

MITFORD, the candid Critic of my lays,
Who oft when wild my careless Muse would sing
Smooth'd the rough note, and check'd her vagrant wing,
Accept the humble gift she grateful pays;
Though now your thoughts to bolder heights you raise,
By History's awful Goddess taught to bring
Celestial flowers from Freedom's hallow'd Spring

To

To crown the Chiefs of GRECIA's happier
days,
Yet * how to harmonize the tuneful ſtrain
Your voice has ſhewn AONIA's liſtening
throng;
Nor will you, though your nicer ear retain
What ſounds to pureſt Melody belong,
This tribute from a ruder Bard diſdain,
Proud to record your friendſhip in his ſong.

HENRY JAMES PYE.

FARINGDON-HOUSE,
Dec. 18, 1786.

* See Eſſay upon the Harmony of Language, written by Mr. Mitford, and publiſhed by Robſon, in the year 1776.

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O D E

ON THE

DIVINE OMNIPRESENCE.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE.

I.

O Sacred Muſe! thy aid impart,
To rapture wake the ſounding lyre!
And kindle in my panting heart
A ſpark of more than mortal fire:
With votive hands the lay conſign
To awful MAJESTY DIVINE,
On whom all life depends,
Whoſe glorious form we wondering trace
Through all the varied paths of ſpace,
Far as our bounded ſight extends.—

The ſearch our dazzled reaſon leaves behind,
Exceeds all depth of thought, and mocks the human mind.

II.

Whate'er on earth, in ſeas, or air,
Strikes with delight the roving eye,
Proclaims aloud the ETERNAL's care,
And ſpeaks a preſent DEITY;—
Thoſe who with active pinions cleave
The yielding ſky, the lucid wave
In countleſs myriads throng,
Or through the ſylvan regions ſtray,—
The inſect offspring of a day,
The echoing foreſt's vernal ſong,
More ſtrongly than an angel's voice declare,
Where-e'er we turn our eyes, the GOD of Life is there.

III.

III.

Now beyond earth's contracted goal
On Contemplation's wings ariſe,
And mark the unnumber'd worlds that roll
Their orbs ſtupendous through the ſkies.—
My eye the ſplendid ſcene explores,
And now my active fancy ſoars;
To other ſuns, which far away
On diſtant ſyſtems pour the blaze of day,
Beyond where SATURN wheels his tedious flight
Around our chearing ſource of light.—
Forward in vain my reſtleſs thoughts I ſend,
They ruſh for ever on nor find an end,
On every ſide ſtill open lie
The boundleſs fields of vaſt immenſity.—
Could then my voice celeſtial numbers ſing,
My hands ſtrike rapture from the lyric ſtring,

Yet would my heart thoſe numbers deem
Unequal to the glorious theme;
Unequal to exalt his holy name,
Whoſe awful preſence guides the amazing frame;
Who, of all nature's wide extent the ſoul,
Exiſts in every part, and animates the whole.

O D E

ON THE

BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

I. 1.

THE fading beam of parting day
Forſakes the weſtern ſky,
Now ſhines DIANA's gentler ray
With virgin majeſty;
Her face with milder glory bright
Illumes the duſky ſhades of night,
And brings the varied ſcene to view.
The glaſſy lake, and bubbling ſtream,
Again reflect the borrow'd beam,
And take a ſilver hue.

I. 2.

From the deep ſhade of yonder trees
The ſcreaming night-birds call,
While floats on ZEPHYR's balmy breeze
The diſtant waterfall:
Sad PHILOMELA's warbling throat
Pours to the moon her plaintive note
And charms the lay-reſounding grove,
Where, trembling at the gentle gale,
The verdant beech, and poplar pale,
With ruſtling murmurs move.

I. 3.

What dreadful ſounds ariſe?—
Theſe notes of rural muſic ſink,
And ſhrill-ton'd clarions rend the ſkies;
The air a voice of triumph chears,
And lo! a form divine appears
On CHERWELL's ſedgy brink.

His

His azure length of robe behind
Looſely wantons in the wind;
Glowing like the vernal morning
Beams benign his eye-balls ſhed;
CERES' wealth his brows adorning
Shades his venerable head.
Say heavenly viſion what theſe notes portend?
Sits white-wing'd Victory on BRITANNIA's arms?
Does proud IBERIA to her legions bend,
Or flies the GAUL at GRANBY's dread alarms,
Or ſtalks on INDIA's ſun-burn'd coaſts afar
The force of conflict keen, and giant rage of war?

II. 1.

'Far hence,' he cried, 'the tumult's roar
'To diſtant realms ſhall fly:
'Mirth revels now on ALBION's ſhore
'With blythe feſtivity.

'Ye Muſes twine each fragant flower
'To crown the day, to crown the hour,
'Which gave to GEORGE a blooming heir;
'Ye Guardians of this favor'd iſle
'On this your future monarch ſmile,
'Ye Nymphs your wreaths prepare.

II. 2.

'Come happy child! delight the land
'Where time ſhall fix thy throne:
'O come, and take from Freedom's hand
'A ſceptre all her own:
'And when the ſacred lore of truth
'Diſplay'd, ſhall form thy ripening youth,
'May every joyful BRITON find
'The ſoul of GEORGE's godlike race,
'With lovely CHARLOTTE's ſofter grace,
'Attemper'd, in thy mind.

II. 3.

'For thee on AFRIC's ſultry coaſt
'The BRITISH enſign proudly waves;
'For thee by diſtant tempeſts toſt
'Our navies awe the GALLIC pride
'On every ſhore, whoſe hoſtile ſide
'The boundleſs Ocean laves.—
'With nobler ſkill, and fiercer fire,
'Strike the rapture-breathing lyre.—
'Hark!—from CAMBRIA's cloud-top'd mountains
'Muſic winds her ſtream along,
'As they flow the cryſtal fountains
'Liſten to the jocund ſong,
'Lo radiant forms and glorious ſhades appear,
'Fair as the morn in ſaffron mantle dight;
'But ſtrains divine ill ſuit the human ear,
'And fleeting viſions mock the mortal ſight.'—
He ſaid, and ruſhing from my wondering eyes,
On volley'd lightening borne, he ſought his native ſkies.

ODE

O D E
TO
L I B E R T Y.

O LIBERTY! celeſtial maid!
Where has thy vagrant fancy ſtray'd?
Doſt thou from ANDES' rifted brow
See boundleſs empires ſpread below,
See ORELLANA pour his ſtream
Through foreſts vaſt, where yet the beam
Of gariſh day could never come
To penetrate the twilight gloom?
Doſt thou thy glowing boſom lave
In ſhining PLATA's ſea-broad wave?
Or doſt thou liſten to the roar,
Where the collected waters pour

Their

Their dreadful courſe, and foaming ſweep
Down NIAGARA's horrid ſteep?
And ſhall thy form no more be ſeen
On ALBION's hills and paſtures green?
Wilt thou no more PLINLIMMON ſcale,
Or ſport in CLUYD's fertile dale?
Wilt thou IERNE's plains forſake,
And quit KILARNEY's lovely lake?
Shall we thy footſteps trace no more
On CALEDONIA's mountains hoar?—
Ah! nor proud DELPHI's riſing glade,
Nor PISA's conſecrated ſhade,
Nor PINDUS' mount, nor ACADEME,
Nor fam'd EUROTAS' trophied ſtream,
Could for an hour thy ſteps detain
When GRECIA bow'd to Vice's reign:
Nor could alas! the ſofteſt gale
That blows o'er rich CAMPANIA's vale,

Tempt

Tempt thee to breathe the LATIAN air
When Luxury exulted there.
Far from bright PHŒBUS' genial light
Thy wings indignant ſhaped their flight
To SCANDANAVIA's frozen plain,
Eternal Winter's drear domain;
Where ſtrong with toil each ſtubborn hord
Joyful thy holy form ador'd:
Though, where their tribes the earth o'er-ran,
Fell deſolation led the van,
Though Horror midſt their armies ſtood,
And drench'd their fatal paths with blood;
Yet theirs the unextinguiſh'd flame
That glows at Freedom's ſacred name,
Theirs the firm breaſt that joys to bleed
For Independence' godlike meed.
But ſay, does ALBION hapleſs groan
Beneath a Tyrant's bloody throne?

Say,

Say, do her dauntleſs Patriots feel
The fatal ax, and torturing wheel?—
O'er her no cruel Tyrant reigns,
No patriot blood her ſcaffold ſtains.
'Tis Luxury's inſidious hand
Spreading Corruption through the land;
'Tis Indolence whoſe powers controul
Each nobler purpoſe of the ſoul;
'Tis noiſy Faction's ſelfiſh aim,
Diſguis'd beneath thy ſpecious name.
Theſe are the fiends whoſe fatal rage
In every clime, and every age,
Have overturn'd each noble pile
Rear'd by thy hands with uſeleſs toil:
But where in hardſhip's rugged ſchool
Mankind have learn'd themſelves to rule,
Pale Slavery there may ſhake in vain
Her iron rod, and galling chain:

No force the fearleſs ſoul can bind,
Or bow the unconquerable mind.
Scorn'd is the Tyrant's harſh decree
When inborn Virtue bids be free.

ODE

ODE
TO
BEAUTY.

I.

ENCHANTING power! whoſe influence bleſt
O'er Nature reigns with pleaſing ſway,
Whoſe mild command each gentler breaſt
Enraptur'd glories to obey:
O give my raviſh'd ſenſe to trace
In every form thy poliſh'd grace,
Whether thy footſteps deign to tread
The level of the enamel'd mead,

Whether

Whether thou joy'ſt to haunt the dale,
Or drink the mountain's ambient gale,
Or, with a more ambitious aim,
To animate the human frame,
Bid the bright eye reſiſtleſs charm,
The ſnowy boſom ſwell, or ſhape the ivory arm.

II.

When at the ETERNAL's dread command
From Chaos roſe this fabric fair,
He bade thy ornamenting hand
O'er all creation ſpread it's care.
By thee was Earth's maternal breaſt
Involv'd in verdure's radiant veſt,
Heaven's ſpacious arch thy tints embue
With the deep azure's dazzling hue,
O'er the bleak hill thy order bade
The foreſt ſpread luxuriant ſhade,

Thy

Thy fingers through the irriguous mead
The river's ſhining current lead
Till it's increaſing waters gain
The unconfin'd expanſe of Ocean's vaſt domain.

III.

Glows not a ſhrub with vivid bloom
Mid the receſſes of the vale;
Sheds not a flower it's rich perfume
To ſcent the pinions of the gale;
Waves not a beech it's leafy bough
To ſhade the mountain's hoary brow;
Bends not an oſier dank to lave
It's branches in the paſſing wave.
Down the rude cliff's tremendous ſide
Pours not a ſtream it's whitening tide,
Nor arch'd by ſilver poplars, cool
Spreads it's ſmooth breaſt the lucid pool,

But every Muse ſhall read thy care,
Shall trace thy vagrant ſtep, and mark thy pencil there.

IV.

But in the lovely Virgin's eye
And poliſh'd form, and blooming face,
Thy faireſt luſtre we deſcry,
And gaze upon thy pureſt grace.
Ah ſay! can all the mingled flowers
Whoſe roſeate leaves, the circling hours
On earth's green boſom laviſh fling,
When genial Zephyr breathes the ſpring,
Pleaſe like the maid whoſe charms inſpire
The glowing wiſh of young deſire?
Though bluſh with varied dyes the trees,
Though ſweets ambroſial load the breeze,
Flies every bloom, fades every green,
Till female Beauty deign to crown the enchanting ſcene.

V.

V.

Beneath the ſpicy foreſt's ſhade
The INDIAN breathes his amorous vow;
Where ice eternal binds the glade
Thy power the frozen ZEMBLIANS know;
For there thy beam with heavenly light
Has chear'd the gloom of polar night.
Where to the Eunuch's ſervile care
Luxury commi[illegible] the impriſon'd fair,
There o'er the deſolated plains
Stern Slavery unreſiſted reigns,
But where Love's gentle rights are known
Which mutual freedom gives alone,
There Courage dwells, ingenuous Shame,
And Virtue's holy meed, and Glory's ardent flame.

VI.

But though the ſmiling Landſcape ſpread
It's richeſt views on every ſide,

Though waves each oak it's ſolemn head
In all the pomp of leafy pride:
What pleaſure ſhall theſe ſcenes impart,
How ſoothe to reſt the laboring heart,
If malice fell, or black deſpair,
Or keen remorſe inhabit there?
And ſay can all the charms that lie
In HEBE's cheek, or HELEN's eye,
Delight, if ſcorn, or cold diſdain,
Or changes deſultory reign,
Or Jealouſy's tormenting ſway,
Uſurp the power of Love, or cloud his golden ray.

VII.

'Tis in the conſcious mind alone
That BEAUTY ſhews her pureſt beam,
There ſtands ſecure her laſting throne
Not idly borne on Fancy's ſtream:

Though

Though the rude blaſt, and wintry ſtorm,
The blooming Landſcape's charms deform,
Though withering time, or pale diſeaſe,
Bid the wan cheek no longer pleaſe,
Yet if within the feeling breaſt
Soft pity dwell a welcome gueſt,
If ſmiling Peace, and Meekneſs ſweet,
And Conſtancy there fix their ſeat;
Then ſhall thy charms deſpiſe the rage
Of winter's dreary frown, and mock the force of age.

O D E

TO

H A R M O N Y.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. PHILIP HAYES,

AND PERFORMED IN THE MUSIC-SCHOOL AT OXFORD.

I.

IMMORTAL Harmony! thy heavenly ſtrain
Coeval grew with ſea, and earth, and ſkies.—
What time from chaos' rude primeval reign
The Almighty Fiat bade creation riſe,
The angelic hoſt around applauding ſtood,
And loud their golden lyres proclaim'd that all
was good.—

Thoſe

Thoſe ſacred lays whoſe voice ſublime
High heaven's eternal manſions hear,
Amid the tranſient lapſe of time
Shall never meet the human ear,
Till, torn the veil of fleſh away,
Stand to the ſoul confeſs'd the realms of endleſs day.

II.

Yet ſtreams from that immortal ſource,
Were not to mortal ſenſe denied,
On ISRAEL's race with ſwelling force
Unbounded ruſh'd the ſacred tide:
JUDEA's palmy groves around
Re-echo to the hallow'd ſound.—
Now to the harp's reſponſive ſtrings
His plaintive hymn JESSIDES ſings,
Now with exulting rapture glows
O'er dread JEHOVAH's proſtrate foes,

Isaiah now with fiercer fire
Strikes loud the bold prophetic wire,
And treads, or ſeems in act to tread,
O'er proud Assyria's vanquiſh'd head.
While now the lay pathetic thrills
By Babel's willow-border'd rills,
As from Judea's captive train
The victor's taunting voice demands the choral ſtrain.

III.

But hark!—what lays enchanting ſound
Unroots the foreſt from the ground?
By the perſuaſive powers ſubdu'd
Charm'd from the prey the ſavage brood
Attentive liſten round.——
'Tis he, the firſt of Grecia's choir,
'Tis Orpheus ſtrikes the living lyre!

And

And ſee ALCÆUS' ſterner hand
Appals pale ſlavery's trembling band,
See rapid PINDAR looſely flings
His fingers o'er the warbling ſtrings,
While, as the drama's potent art
Or melts or terrifies the heart,
More ſighs ariſe, more ſorrows flow,
As Muſic's aiding hand ſtrikes deep the ſhafts of woe.

IV.

Nor yet amid the wreck of time
The rapturous powers are loſt:
Soft breathe her airs on every clime,
And viſit every coaſt.——
What though HESPERIA's ſunnier day
Now boaſt to wake the ſweeteſt lay;
Yet ſure, if ere the throbbing breaſt
Sweet Muſic's native voice confeſs'd,

To the ſoft meaſures that proceed
From CALEDONIA's northern reed,
No feeling boſom ſhall deny
The genuine claim of Melody.

V.

Though wild caprice with frantic hand
Awhile may ſeize the ſacred lyre,
While folly's ſons applauding ſtand
To hear her ſtrike the wire:
O ALBION! as thy poliſh'd ear
Will none but claſſic numbers hear,
So let thy voice propitious own
Thoſe thrilling notes that ſtrike the heart alone.
Whether the ſoft melodious lay
In ſimple meaſures flow,
Now warbling elegantly gay,
Now tuned to placid woe.

Or Harmony with choral ſong
Pour her impetuous ſtream along,
While loud the ſwelling ſtrains of rapture roll,
O'ercome the captive ſenſe, and ſhake the aſtoniſh'd
ſoul.

Sent to Dr. HAYES, with the ODE to HARMONY.

AS Man's dull form inert and ſilent lay,
A ſenſeleſs heap of unenliven'd clay,
Till bold Prometheus with ethereal flame
Rous'd into life the animated frame,
So ſhall my torpid verſe a charm acquire
From the bright touch of thy harmonious fire;
To theſe mute lays the voice of Muſic give,
And by thy Genius bid my numbers live,
Amid thy verdant bays this flow'ret twine,
And make immortal, verſe as mean as mine.'

VERSES

VERSES addreſſed to a LADY.

OF toil you ſay a moderate ſhare
In each purſuit ſhould riſe,
Too much may make our hearts deſpair,
Too little we deſpiſe:

In every common caſe I own
The juſtneſs of the thought,
A fly may be too quickly won,
The world too dearly bought.

Not ſo in Love; his charms depend
Upon himſelf alone,
No foreign circumſtance can lend
A luſtre to his throne:

Though gain'd without one care, his joys
High-valued muſt remain,
Are cheaply purchas'd when the prize
Of Induſtry and care.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

O Love, though VIRGIL's lays aſcribe
Reſiſtleſs power to thee,
Yet ſtill I thought the happy tribe
Of Dulneſs, ever free;

Potent I deem'd her ample ſhield
Her favorite ſons to ſave,
Though to thy ſoft dominion yield
The virtuous, wiſe, and brave:

But ſince I ſee, thy votary grown,
Even PARIDEL obey,
I find myſelf compell'd to own
Thy univerſal ſway.

Written on a LADY's FAN.

IN ancient times when like La Mancha's Knight
The adventurous Hero ſallied forth to fight,
Some ſage Magician famous in Romance
Supplied the Warrior with a wonderous lance,
With which through adverſe troops he forced his way,
And won from giant hoſts the doubtful day.
But I more fatal arms to you impart,
By Venus forged to wound the human heart:
This Weapon placed in your victorious hand
No cunning ſhall elude, no force withſtand,
Nor ſhall the brave reſiſt, or coward fly,
But all Mankind ſubmit, adore, or die.

SONG.

SONG.

FAIR DELIA while each ſighing ſwain
Whoſe heart your charms adores,
Fills with his tender vows the plain,
And favoring ſmiles implores:

My Wiſhes varying from the reſt
Demand a different boon,
And only aſk this one requeſt,
The mercy of a frown.

Ah! far from me thoſe witching ſmiles
Thoſe languid eyes remove,
Whoſe charms my ſenſes might ſurpriſe,
And tempt my heart to Love;

The chilling frowns of cold diſdain
I'll patiently endure,
Content to bear a tranſient pain
My freedom to ſecure.

SONG.

THE flowers of the Spring that enamel the vale,
Give their dyes to the meadows, their ſweets to the gale,
From the ſun-beam, the ſhower, and the ſoft-falling dew
Receive all their treaſures of odour, and hue.

When Winter extends his tyrannical reign,
Fades every gay bloſſom that painted the plain,
And all the bright offſpring of ſunſhine and ſhowers
Shrink up at the blaſt of DECEMBER's ſtern hours,

Though Love's gentle power can more ſweetneſs diſcloſe
Than the vi'let or woodbine, the jaſmine or roſe,
Yet none of them holds ſo precarious perfume,
A texture ſo tender, ſo fleeting a bloom.

All it's ſweetneſs it draws like the Daughters of MAY
From Pity's ſoft dew, and from Kindneſs' mild ray,
Like them it will ſhrink from the froſt of Diſdain,
But never like them will it bloſſom again.

SONG.

SONG.

LET no Shepherd ſing to me
The ſtupid praiſe of Conſtancy,
Nature bids her ſubjects range,
All creation's full of change.

See the varying hours diſplay
Morning, Evening, Night, and Day,
See the circling ſeaſons bring
Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring.

Shall the river's current full
Idly ſleep a ſtagnate pool,
Shall the pedant's mandate bind
The rapid wave, the fleeting wind.

Thus I ſung when CHLOE's eyes
Made my vanquiſh'd heart their prize,
Where's my paſſion now to range,
Love of Freedom, love of Change.

Still my breaſt retains it's views,
Still variety purſues,
Happy in one Nymph to find
Every charm of Womankind.

THE SNOW-DROP.

HAIL earlieſt of the opening flowers!
Fair Harbinger of vernal hours!
Who dar'ſt unveil each ſilken fold
Ere SOL diſpels the wintry cold,
And with thy ſilver leaves diſplay'd
Spread luſtre through the dreary glade.—
What though no frgarance like the roſe
Tincturing the ZEPHYR as it blows,
Thy humble flowers from earth exhale
To ſcent the pinions of the gale;
What though no hues of gaudy dye
Strike with their dazzling charms the eye,

Nor does thy ſober foliage ſhew
Each blended tint of IRIS' bow;
Yet in thy meek unſullied grace
Imagination's eye ſhall trace
The glowing bloſſoms that appear
Proudly to paint the vernal year,
And ſmiling MAIA's bluſhing dyes,
And jocund Summer's cloudleſs ſkies,
And Autumn's labors which ſucceed
To bid the purple vintage bleed,
Our hopes anticipating ſee
Led on in radiant train by thee.

Written

Written in the Year 1779, when the COMBINED FLEETS were off PLYMOUTH.

WHEN the keen axe remorſeleſs laid
The woods of EDGECOMBE low,
Leſt now their leafy ſkreen ſhould aid
The approaches of the foe;

Aſtoniſh'd from their dark retreats
The frantic DRYADS rove,
And ECHO ſhrieks of woe repeats
Through all the waſted grove:

'Muſt we,' they cry, 'ſo long who dwelt
'On this wave-cinctur'd ſteep,
'Who each rude blaſt unſhrinking felt
'That heaves the ATLANTIC deep,

'Muſt

'Muſt we forſake theſe ſolemn ſhades
'To diſtant regions driven,
'Or view expos'd our foreſt glades
'To every beam of heaven?—

'But ah! what horrid ſcenes are theſe!—
'Lo BOURBON's hoſtile train
'Here ſpread their canvas to the breeze,
'And darken half the main:

'BRITANNIA's bloody croſs no more
'Aloft triumphant flies,
'For ſee by this inſulted ſhore
'The GALLIC lilies riſe!

'Speed then, oh ſpeed your eager toil!
'And on this lofty ſteep
'Tear every ſapling from the ſoil
'And launch them on the deep.

'To you we ſiſters of the wood
'At once our charge reſign,
'Ye ſea-green daughters of the flood,
'Old OCEAN'S NEREID line.

'So ſhall they to this threaten'd place
'A barrier firm extend,
'And ſhores their ſhade was wont to grace,
'Their thunder ſhall defend.'

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

ON

CHARLES D'AUSSEY, ESQUIRE,

IN HOLY-ROOD CHURCH, SOUTHAMPTON.

WHEN Pomp, when Wealth, when Greatneſs ſink to duſt,
Though Vanity adorn the ſplendid buſt,
Sincerer drops of tributary woe
O'er the lone urn of modeſt Merit flow.
And tears as true as e'er embalm'd the dead
Shall D'Aussey! o'er thy humble tomb be ſhed,
For though thy frugal temper ne'er ſupplied
The ſelfiſh calls of Luxury and Pride,
Yet Pity's gentle voice thy heart purſu'd,
And felt the Luxury of doing good,
While Want reliev'd by ſilent bounties given,
Wafts with her grateful prayers thy ſoul to heaven.

Sent

Sent to Mr. HAYLEY, on reading his EPISTLES on EPIC POETRY.

WHAT blooming garlands ſhall the Muses twine,
What verdant laurels weave, what flowers combine,
To crown their favorite Son whoſe generous heart
Has check'd the arrogance of Critic Art,
And ſhewn that ſtill in their exhauſtleſs mine
The pureſt gems of radiant Genius ſhine,
To grace the venturous Poets who explore
The unſun'd treaſures of their ſacred ſtore?

Nor this the Syren note of flattering praiſe,
Or the fond tribute partial friendſhip pays;

A voice unknown to fame, to thee unknown,
But wak'd by thy ſuperior worth alone,
Attempts, perhaps with too officious zeal,
Thy thoughts awhile from higher cares to ſteal,
And in preſumptuous numbers dares eſſay
To hail the glories of thy matchleſs lay.

O faireſt hope of BRITAIN's tuneful Choir!
Why yield to other hands the Epic Wire?
Say who of all her Bards like thee ſhall ſwell
To ſtrains of extaſy th' Heroic ſhell?
When the long ſeries of connecting rhime
Denies the raptur'd flight or march ſublime
Who ſhall the interval ſo well beguile
With each rich ornament of poliſh'd ſtyle?
Who o'er the thrilling heart ſuch forms ſhall throw
Of frantic horror, or pathetic woe?

Or when the notes from Freedom's clarion blown
Chill the pale Deſpot on his trembling throne,
What manly ſon of BRITAIN's warbling throng
Shall join the PÆAN with ſo bold a ſong?
And if inventive Fancy love to ſtray
'Mid the wild tracts of Fiction's faery way,
Say who ſhall mate thoſe magic powers that ſtole
The nightly viſion o'er SERENA's ſoul?

Then let, illuſtrious Bard!—though rude her voice,
A MUSE of humble mien divert thy choice.—
With timid hand ſnatch no reflected grace
From the ſweet * Maniac of HESPERIAN race.
Since Genius' keeneſt rays thy boſom fire
O ſtrike with native force the BRITISH Lyre,

* Dante.

That

That, while ſuch virtuous chiefs adorn thy ſtrain
As GREECE and ROME ſhall emulate in vain,
ALBION may conſecrate thy deathleſs name,
And found her Epic pride on HAYLEY's fame.

MR.

MR. HAYLEY's ANSWER.

———————————ἄμειβε
Χρύσεα χαλκείων, ἑκατόμβοι ἐννεαβοίων. HOMER.

TO FARINGDON's illuſtrious Hill
On which PARNASSIAN dews diſtil
Ye ſouthern MUSES bend,
And there ſalute with proud acclaim
In him who gave that Hill to fame
The Poet and the Friend:

Tell him in his applauding voice
Your EARTHAM's echoing groves rejoice,
And with new pride expand,
Tell him his gifts your votary chear,
For laurel wreaths are doubly dear
From a fraternal hand.

Eartham, Auguſt 9, 1782.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1761.

O HAPPINESS! thou wiſh of every mind,
Whoſe form, more ſubtle than the fleeting air,
Leaves all thy votaries wandering far behind,
Eludes their ſearch, and mocks their anxious care

What diſtant region holds thy fair retreat,
Where no keen look thy footſteps may ſurpriſe?
In what lone deſert haſt thou fix'd thy ſeat,
Far from the curious ſearch of mortal eyes?

Amid

Amid the jocund race, ſay, art thou found,
Who paſs in mirth the dreary hours of night;
Or in the dance with pliant ſinews bound,
Till fades the taper at AURORA's light?

Ah no! when Reaſon reaſſumes her ſway,
And the tamed blood in calmer current flows,
Theſe joys, like fairy viſions, melt away,
And leave the boſom preſs'd with ſerious woes.

Or, doſt Thou dwell with regal pomp and power,
Rever'd and honor'd by the wiſe and great?
Ten thouſand cares on ſcepter'd ſplendor lower,
And bend the weary monarch with their weight.

Or, ſhall we ſeek Thee through the ranks of war,
Where bold Ambition leads her daring train;
While the ſhrill clarion, ſounding from afar,
Calls the ſlow warrior to the purple plain?

Alas not there!—though conqueſt grace his ſword,
Though proudly wave his banners in the air,
By legions guarded, the victorious Lord
Shall find no arms to ſhield his heart from care.

Doſt Thou reſide in the gay youth's fond breaſt,
Who bends obedient to the power of love;
Who, by the fair one he adores careſs'd,
May all the joys of mutual tranſport prove?—

With paſſion fraught, though ſmiling now ſerene,
In ſoft endearments flow each tender hour;
Too ſoon, alas! muſt change the bliſsful ſcene,
When time's cold blaſt ſhall blow on beauty's flower.

And oft, amid the blooming days of youth,
Inconſtancy aſſerts her fickle reign;
Or pale-ey'd Jealouſy, with venom'd tooth,
Cankers the golden links of Hymen's chain.

All

All calm and ſafe the tide of love appears,
The youthful poet's ever darling theme;
The venturous pilot there no quickſands fears,
But launches boldly down the flattering ſtream,

Till on his bark the warring ſurges break,
And every billow ſeems to threaten fate:
The voice of Prudence then begins to ſpeak,
But ah, the voice of Prudence ſpeaks too late!

Is bliſs ſincere then no where to be found,
The vain creation of the Enthuſiaſt's mind?
Or, if ſhe deign to dwell on mortal ground,
Where may we hope her fair abode to find?

The ſweets of pleaſure, and the pomp of power,
In Luxury's enchanting ſemblance dreſs'd,
She ſlights with deepeſt ſcorn; nor will reſide
But in the precincts of the virtuous breaſt.

The virtuous breaſt, in conſcious honour bold,
Will want and pain and death itſelf deſpiſe:
Will from each trying woe, like heated gold,
With greater ſplendor, greater merit riſe.

There ſhe has ever fix'd her firmeſt throne;
There ſcorn'd the bolts by rage and malice hurl'd;
And, found by wiſdom, and by worth alone,
Mock'd the vain labors of a vicious world.

ELEGY

ELEGY II.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1762.

NOW the brown woods their leafy load reſign
And rage the tempeſts with reſiſtleſs force?
Mantled with ſnow the ſilver mountains ſhine,
And icy fetters chain the rivulet's courſe.

No pleaſing object charms our wearied view,
No waving verdure decks the dreary glade,
Save that o'er yonder tomb the mournful yew
Projects an awful ſolitary ſhade.

Short is the Spring, and ſhort the Summer hour,
And ſhort the time that fruitful Autumn reigns;
But tedious roll the days when Winter's power
Aſſerts it's empire o'er our waſted plains.

As ſwiftly wears our Spring of life away,
As ſwiftly will our jolly Summer go;
But, ah! when Winter clouds our chearleſs day,
Again the vernal breezes never blow!

Mark this, and boaſt your fancied worth no more,
Ye great, ye proud, ye learned, and ye brave!
With haſty lapſe ſome circling years are o'er,
And lo, ye ſlumber in the ſilent grave!

Why views the ſage fair Pleaſure's tranſient charm,
And all her votaries gay with ſcowling eye?
Alike he ſtoops to Fate's ſuperior arm,—
Alike he ſuffers, and alike muſt die!

Say, what avails it then with brow ſevere
The ſilken bands of Luxury to deſpiſe;
To bring by thought the day of horror near,
And view the tempeſt ere the clouds ariſe?

Better with laughing nymphs in revels gay
To give the hours to VENUS, wine, and ſong;
And, ſince the rapid moments never ſtay,
To catch ſome pleaſures as they glide along.

Deluded man! whom empty ſounds beguile,
What tranſports here await thy anxious ſoul?
Know, love abhors the venal harlot's ſmile,
And hell-born fury rages in the bowl.

Seek Virtue to be bleſt; but ſeek her far,
Far from thoſe gloomy ſons of letter'd pride,
Who 'gainſt the paſſions wage eternal war,
And, foes to Nature, Nature's dictates chide.

Let mirth, not madneſs, crown the temperate feaſt;
Let love and beauty joys refin'd impart:
Though mere ſenſation charm the groveling breaſt,
'Tis mutual paſſion fires the generous heart.

The

The various bleſſings bounteous Heaven beſtows
With gratitude and charity repay,
Relieve thy ſuffering friend, or ſhare his woes,
But from his failings turn thine eyes away.

So, when the wintry ſtorms of death are paſt,
In brighter ſkies, and ether more ſerene,
Thy wither'd boughs ſhall bud again, to laſt
For ever blooming, and for ever green.

ELEGY

ELEGY III.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1763.

THE dewy morn her ſaffron mantle ſpreads
High o'er the brow of yonder eaſtern hill;
Each blooming ſhrub a roſeate fragrance ſheds,
And the briſk ſky-lark ſings his carol ſhrill.

Not all the ſweets that ſcent the morning air,
Not all the dyes that paint the vernal year,
Can from my breaſt divert it's weighty care,
Can from my pale cheeks charm the tricklingtear.

Here, where the willows to the rivulet bend,
That winds it's channel thro' the enamell'd mead,
I'll o'er the turf my waining form extend,
And reſt on ſedges dank my liſtleſs head.

In

In vain the ſtream o'er pebbles glide along,
And murmurs ſweetly-lulling as it flows;
In vain the ſtock-dove chaunts her gurgling ſong,
Inviting ſlumber ſoft and calm repoſe.

How at the fragrant hour of riſing morn
Would eager tranſport throb in ev'ry vein,
To hear the ſwelling ſhout and jocund horn
Invite the hunter to the ſportive plain!

But, ah, the gay delights of youth are fled!—
In ſighs and tears my fading life I wear;
So the pale lily hangs it's drooping head,
When froſts untimely blaſt the opening year.

Philoſophy, thou guardian of the heart,
O come in all thy rigid virtue dreſs'd!
With manly precept eaſe my killing ſmart,
And drive this tyrant from my wounded breaſt.

Oft

Oft would my eyes, diſdaining balmy ſleep,
The awful labors of thy ſons explore,
Fathom with reſtleſs toil each maxim deep,
And hang inceſſant o'er the ſacred lore:

Alas! oppos'd to love how weak, how frail
Is all the reaſoning of the unfeeling ſage!
No forceful arm can o'er his power prevail,
No lenient hand the wounds he gives aſſuage.

Yes, tyrant, yes; thou muſt retain thy power,
Till my torn boſom yields to ſtronger Death:
Still muſt I love, even in that fatal hour,
And call on DELIA with my lateſt breath.

And when all pale my lifeleſs limbs extend,
And fate has ſeal'd the irrevocable doom,
May then my memory find a faithful friend,
To write theſe votive numbers on my tomb:

'Here

'Here reſts a youth, who Love and Sorrow's ſlave,
'Gave up his early life to pining care,
'Till worn with woe he ſought, in this calm grave,
'A ſafe retreat from comfortleſs Deſpair.'

So, when the ſtone lays o'er my clay-cold head,
If chance fair DELIA to the place draw near,
With one ſad ſigh ſhe may lament me dead,
And bathe the ſenſeleſs marble with a tear.

ELEGY

ELEGY IV.

WRITTEN SEPTEMBER 1, 1763.

WHEN the ſtill Night withdrew her ſable ſhroud,
And left thoſe climes with ſteps ſedate and ſlow;
While ſad AURORA, kerchief'd in a cloud,
With drizzly vapours hung the mountain's brow;

The wretched bird, from hapleſs PERDIX ſprung,
With trembling wings forſook the furrow'd plain,
And, calling round her all her liſtening young,
In faultering accents ſung this plaintive ſtrain:

'Unwelcome morn! too well thy lowering mien
'Foretels the ſlaughters of the approaching day;
'The gloomy ſky laments with tears the ſcene,
'Where rage and terror reaſſume their ſway.

'Ah, luckleſs train! ah, fate-devoted race!
'The dreadful tale experience tells believe;
'Dark heavy miſts obſcure the morning's face,
'But blood and death ſhall cloſe the dreary eve.

'This day fell man, whoſe unrelenting hate
'No grief can ſoften, and no tears aſſuage,
'Pours dire deſtruction on the feather'd ſtate,
'While pride and rapine urge his ſavage rage.

'I, who ſo oft have 'ſcap'd the impending ſnare,
'Ere night arrives, may feel the fiery wound;
'In giddy circles quit the realms of air,
'And ſtain with ſtreaming gore the dewy ground.'

She ſaid, when lo! the pointer winds his prey,
The ruſtling ſtubble gives the fear'd alarm,
The gunner views the covey fleet away,
And rears the unerring tube with ſkilful arm.

In

In vain the mother wings her whirring flight,
The leaden deaths arreſt her as ſhe flies;
Her ſcatter'd offspring ſwim before her ſight,
And, bath'd in blood, ſhe flutters, pants, and dies.

ELEGY V.

WRITTEN JUNE, 1764.

THEE, ſad MELPOMENE, I once again
Invoke, nor aſk the idly plaintive verſe:
Quit the light reed for ſorrow's ſober ſtrain,
And hang thy flowerets on my DELIA's herſe.

Oft by yon ſilver fountain's ſedgy ſide,
Or through the twilight ſhade I us'd to rove,
Have ſung her beauties to the liſtening tide,
And fill'd with notes like theſe the echoing grove:

'Ye fragrant roſes, bow your blooming heads;
'For can your ſweetneſs with her breath compare?
'Ye envious lilies, wither in your beds,
'For is your boaſted whiteneſs half ſo fair?'

Vain

Vain was the lay; for O! heart-breaking thought!
Thoſe heavenly features ne'er again muſt charm,
That form divine, with each perfection fraught,
Is ſtruck by Fate's inexorable arm.

Thus far, O Death, thy cruel reign extends!
Before thy ſickle falls each bluſhing flower;
But Virtue on ethereal wings aſcends,
And ſmiles diſdainful on thy boaſted power.

Guided by her—(for Virtue's ſacred lore
Was ever dear to DELIA's gentle breaſt)
She to the endleſs realms of peace ſhall ſoar,
The ſacred manſions of eternal reſt.

Nor theſe the wreaths that love and fancy twine
Around the tomb, where reſts ſome flatter'd maid;
But honors, due to merit's hallow'd ſhrine,
By faithful truth with unfeign'd ſorrow paid.

The ſmalleſt gleam of hope I ne'er could boaſt;
And raptur'd love in that dire moment fled,
Which ſhew'd my deareſt wiſh for ever loſt,
Which gave my DELIA to a rival's bed.

Yet ſhall thy memory, dear departed ſhade,
In this ſad breaſt a place for ever find;
For in thy form each beauty was diſplay'd,
'To charm the ſenſes, and to fix the mind.'

O! were I ſkill'd the immortal note to raiſe,
And down the ſtream of time to waft thy name!
Then would I ſing thy worth in matchleſs lays,
Bright as thine eyes, and ſpotleſs as thy fame.

But, though the Muſe ſuch arduous flights denies,
Nor bids with fire divine my fancy glow,
Theſe plaintive numbers nobler truth ſupplies,
The artleſs voice of unaffected woe.

ELEGY VI.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING, 1766.

NOW has bright SOL fulfill'd his circling courſe,
Again to TAURUS roll'd his burning car,
Since, cruel Prudence, thy reſiſtleſs force
Tore me from happineſs and CYNTHIA far.

How did I then, or penſively complain,
Or in the maniac's frantic accents rave!
How often vow to prove reſiſtance vain,
And, ſpite of prudence, live my CYNTHIA's ſlave!

Her much-lov'd form did every thought employ;
My daily wiſh ſhe was, and nightly dream;
My aking boſom hop'd no dearer joy;
My raptur'd fancy own'd no nobler theme.

No more I wiſh'd, where Isis' clear waves flow,
To pluck freſh laurels from the muſe's ſhade:
I long'd to climb the Cambrian mountain's brow,
Since Cambria's mountains hid my favorite maid.

In vain from cruel love's tyrannic reign
To friendſhip and to wiſdom I appeal;
For ſuch my ſufferings, that the amorous pain
Nor wiſdom could aſſuage, nor friendſhip heal.

Now three revolving moons had roll'd away,
Still faded ſorrow bent my drooping head;
In ſlothful reſt my nobler paſſions lay,
Each fire extinguiſh'd, and each virtue dead:

When forced to ſeek a more laborious field,
And mingle chearful with a ſocial train,
To toil and mirth thoſe woes began to yield,
Which thought and care had combated in vain.

In

In other ſcenes I now delight could find,
And, far from CYNTHIA, found my heart at reſt;
Till love at length the dubious ſtrife declin'd,
And reaſon fix'd her empire in my breaſt.

Then, as by ſacred truth's unflattering light,
I ſaw the follies of my former flame,
I turn'd indignant from the hateful ſight,
Struck with remorſe, and mortified with ſhame.

I found imagination's magic wand
Had all my CYNTHIA's dazzling charms ſupplied,
And love, misjudging love, with partial hand,
Had given thoſe beauties nature's touch denied.

A viſionary ſhape my Fancy drew,
In the fair form each poliſh'd grace diſplay'd;
Then like the fabled artiſt amorous grew,
And lov'd the image which itſelf had made.

ELEGY VII.

ADDRESSED TO A PINE-TREE.

WRITTEN MAY, 1766.

THE ruffian North has ſpent his ſavage power,
Collects his winds, and quits the moun-
tain's ſide;
And AUSTER mild, with many a genial ſhower,
Renews the laughing meadow's graſſy pride.

The active ſwallow wings her rapid flight
In ſportive circies through the ether bland,
And in luxuriant foliage proudly dight
The verdant fathers of the foreſt ſtand.

No

No more beneath thy hoſpitable ſhade
The ſhepherd ſwains their amorous deſcant ſing,
Each wanders forth amid the blooming glade
To hail the new-blown daughters of the ſpring.

Yet, while yon elms, who now ſo gaily ſpread
Their leafy honors to the vernal gale,
Stood naked to the wintry winds, that ſhed
Their ſcatter'd glories o'er the waſted vale;

Thy limbs alone, of all the dreary wood,
Could brave the ſnowy drift, and chilling blaſt;
Againſt the mingled ſtorm uninjur'd ſtood,
And mock'd the howling tempeſt as it paſt.

For this, while all the jocund ſwains around
The blooming ſeaſon praiſe with youthful glee,
I'll teach the nodding coverts to reſound
A verſe that's due to gratitude and thee.

I'll rove, where opening flowers their ſweets combine,
Where bloſſoms fair their varied odours breathe;
Then with aſſiduous hand a garland twine,
And on thy branches hang the votive wreath.

So, while in honor of the ſmiling year,
Echoes each hollow dale and every grove,
Thy venerable ſhade a lay ſhall hear,
Sacred to friendſhip firm and conſtant love.

ELEGY

ELEGY VIII.

WRITTEN AT MINSTED IN THE NEW FOREST AUGUST 24, 1767.

O Riſing Sun! on this auſpicious day
With brighter beams gild every hill and grove;
Ye feather'd ſongſters, breathe a ſweeter lay!
And fill the echoing woods with joy and love.

And, honor'd MINSTED, in thy green retreats
Let every tree a prouder foliage wear!
Let every floweret ſcatter livelier ſweets,
And vernal perfumes ſcent the autumnal year!

Now has the Sun one annual circuit paſt,
Since in thy happy ſhades theſe longing arms
Receiv'd the choiceſt bleſſings man could taſte,
MARIA's virtues, and MARIA's charms!

Yet

Yet witneſs every lawn, and every ſhade!
So dear a bliſs my boſom could not know,
When to my breaſt I claſp'd the yielding maid,
As now her wedded fondneſs can beſtow.

Let other youths, by vice or folly mov'd,
For each new object change their former flame;
And bluſh to own they love what once they lov'd,
Leſt virtue ſhould approve, and idiots blame.

The ſcorn of fools I ever ſhall deſpiſe;
For ever pleas'd, when by my conſtant ſide
MARIA's beauty meets the public eyes,
At home my pleaſure, and abroad my pride.

Where gold, not fondneſs, guards the nuptial chain,
Weak is the parent's will, the lawyer's art:
Blaſpheming prieſts thoſe hearts would join in vain,
Whom GOD and GOD's vicegerent, NATURE, part.

But,

But, oh! may we, whoſe hearts affection join'd,
Preſerve the bleſſing till the cloſe of life!
She in the huſband ſtill the lover find;
I ſtill enjoy the miſtreſs in the wife.

ELEGY

ELEGY IX.

AVON.

WRITTEN DURING THE STRATFORD JUBILEE.

FROM the clear ſtream that o'er her grotto flows
The ſilver-ſlipper'd AVON ſlowly roſe,
And penſive on her cryſtal urn reclin'd,
Pour'd forth in notes like theſe her anxious mind.

'What frantic train is this whoſe noiſe invades
'The accuſtom'd ſtilneſs of my tranquil ſhades,
'Whoſe ſwelling clamors float my banks along,
'And drown the ſweetneſs of each rural ſong,

'Fill

'Fill all the woods around with feſtal roar,
'And fright the peaceful halcyons from my ſhore?—

'And ſee!—from ITALY's degenerate clime
'The mottled hero fam'd in Pantomime,
'Leads his exulting crew with impious tread
'To ſoil the duſt that pillows SHAKESPEAR's head:
'With midnight ſounds they break his ſacred ſleep,
'And near his tomb opprobrious vigils keep.
'Reſounding axes give the ſolar beam
'To ſcorch the borders of my lucid ſtream,
'And, while around the weeping Dryads bleed,
'The ſons of riot praiſe the fatal deed:—
'Them it becomes to praiſe: but 'midſt the throng
'What honor'd voice is that which joins the ſong?
'Canſt thou whoſe powers could give this wonder-
'ing age
'To ſee the ſoul of SHAKESPEAR grace the ſtage,

'Canſt

'Canſt thou misjudging, praiſe each cruel blow
'That lays the ſhade by AVON's current low,
'Canſt thou approve thoſe trees untimely doom
'That wave their foliage o'er thy SHAKESPEAR's
'tomb,
'Or view the motley ſons of Maſquerade
'Inſult thy patron's venerable ſhade?
'But hark! loud riot ſwells on every ſide,
'And orgies dire pollute my virgin tide;
'Ah! let my ear the unhallow'd revels fly,
'Nor drink the ſounds of midnight ribaldry.'
She ſaid, and plunging in the ſilver wave,
Sought the calm refuge of her ſilent cave.

THE

THE MYRTLE AND BRAMBLE.

A FABLE.

LUXURIANT with perennial green
A Myrtle young and lovely ſtood,
Sole beauty of the wintry ſcene,
The faireſt daughter of the wood:

Cloſe by her ſide a Bramble grew,
Like other Brambles rude with thorn,
Who ſicken'd at the pleaſing view,
Yet what ſhe envied ſeem'd to ſcorn:

Full oft to blaſt each hated charm
She call'd the fiery bolts of JOVE;
But JOVE was too polite to harm
Aught ſacred to the Queen of Love:

Yet was her rage not wholly croſs'd,
BOREAS was to her wiſhes kind,
And from his magazines of froſt
He ſummon'd forth the keeneſt wind.

A thouſand clouds ſurcharg'd with rain
The ruffian god around him calls;
Then blows intenſe, and o'er the plain
A fleecy deluge inſtant falls:

No more the Myrtle bears the belle,
No more her leaves luxuriant ſhew,
The thorny Bramble looks as well,
Powder'd, and perriwig'd with ſnow.

Sure ſome gray antiquated maid,
The very Bramble of her ſex,
To each invidious power has pray'd,
Our eyes and ſenſes to perplex.

Faſhion with more than BOREAS' rage
A univerſal ſnow has ſhed,
And given the hoary tint of age
To every lovely female's head.

O break thy rival's hated ſpell,
Kind Nature! that where'er we ramble,
Thy work from COURTOI's we may tell,
And know a Myrtle from a Bramble.

MADNESS,

AN EPISTLE:

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1763.

DIXERIT INSANUM QUI ME, TOTIDEM AUDIET, ATQUE
RESPICERE IGNOTO DISCET PENDENTIA TERGO. HOR.

YES, yes, my friend, I quit the fond pretence
To cool reflection, and unbiaſs'd ſenſe;
Your hands have torn away the thin diſguiſe
Which hid my follies from my partial eyes.
Mad ſince I am, why ſhould conceited pride,
Deny that weakneſs which it cannot hide?
Why bluſh to own the follies of my mind,
When kept in countenance by half mankind?

Who from the paths of Truth and Senſe will ſtray
Where Reaſon lights, and Virtue guards the way,
After thoſe meteors treacherous beams to rove,
Ambition, Avarice, Vanity, or Love.
Nor while the ſoul contending paſſions goad
E'er once regret they left the ſafer road,
Proud of their ſhame, and happy in their woe,
Will foil the ſkill of BATTIE and MONRO.

Miſtaken CURIO, form'd alone to pleaſe
In the calm circle of domeſtic eaſe,
Muſt quit the placid joys of private life
For public honors won in public ſtrife:
No liſtening Senate's plauſive notes attend
The gay companion, and the faithful friend.
He'll ſhew the world combin'd with STANHOPE'S wit
The flow of TOWNSHEND, and the fire of PITT.

Now with ſucceſs he gets the Election o'er
And gives St. Stephen's one pert blockhead more;
Pretends with ſchemes of Wiſdom fraught to riſe,
Declaims on libels, penſions, and exciſe,
And, while loud laughter burſts on every ſide,
Pours forth his nonſenſe with a patriot pride,
Till mark'd at length by public ridicule
A brainleſs Coxcomb, and a babbling fool,
To all mankind poor Curio ſtands confeſs'd
The ſenate's ſcandal, and the nation's jeſt.

Mark yon ſtarv'd wretch who views with eager eye
The heaps of uſeleſs gold that round him lie!—
That man when Fortune leſs profuſely gave
Enjoy'd her ſcanty gifts, nor wiſh'd to ſave,
What ſhe beſtow'd with chearful hand he ſpent,
Nor wanted millions while he had content;

His

His pleaſures leſſen as her ſmiles increaſe,
Till wealth immenſe completely blaſts his peace;
Now to himſelf each comfort he denies
That public care to poverty ſupplies,
Lets his drear manſion totter o'er his head,
And 'mid profuſion dies for want of bread.

Lo SYLVIUS! once beyond deſcription bleſt,
Calm were his joys, and peaceful was his breaſt,
His youth he ſpent remote from Camps and Courts
In rural labors, and in rural ſports,
High foreſts roſe obedient to his hand,
And waving plenty crown'd his fertile land,
With good old Port his ſocial vaults were ſtor'd,
And frequent ſirloins ſmoak'd upon his board.
But ah! when fifty winters ſhould have ſhed
A wiſer influence o'er his hoary head,

What time BRITANNIA bade her happy plains
Pour forth in arm'd array their native ſwains,
His heart began with childiſh zeal to doat
On the bright honors of a ſcarlet coat;
The homely garb he wore muſt now give place
To the ſilk ſaſh, and regimental lace,
The queue adorns his back with pendent pride,
And the broad falchion dangles by his ſide.
When thus equip'd, a Country Squire no more,
SYLVIUS muſt learn to dance, and game, and whore,
In every vice, with every rake he vies,
Scorn'd by the gay, and pitied by the wiſe,
Plung'd in exceſs, and deaf to prudence' call,
His lands are mortgag'd, and his foreſts fall,
Till ſeiz'd at laſt by penury and ſhame,
A jail rewards him for his martial flame.

Oh

Oh HAMMOND! form'd by Nature to diſpenſe
The charms of courtly eaſe, and manly ſenſe,
Each Grace that burſts ſpontaneous from the mind
By learning temper'd, and by taſte refin'd,
Though many a tedious year has roll'd away
Since Death's ſtern mandate ſtopp'd thy plaintive lay,
Though many a tuneful Bard to BRITAIN dear,
Has paid thy ſhrine the tribute of a tear,
Let not thy ſhade this votive verſe diſdain
Though late I ſing, and humbly flows my ſtrain.
In vain for thee contending MUSES wove
The choiceſt garlands of the AONIAN grove,
In vain thy heart, by ancient lore inſpir'd,
With holy Freedom's pureſt flame was fir'd,
On one diſdainful maid for ever hung
The Poet's fancy, and the Patriot's tongue,
And talents form'd a troubled ſtate to guide,
Fell a ſad ſacrifice to female pride.

Since

Since in ſuch garbs of horror often dreſs'd
The Fury Paſſions rend the human breaſt,
Since now by Vice, and now by Folly led,
To ſome vain Idol ſtill we bow the head,
O blame not, if my vagrant Fancy chuſe
The ſweet delirium of the harmleſs MUSE.
Though far below proud Glory's towering height
Humbly ſhe wing her unambitious flight,
Yet oft her friendly voice with placid lay
Has cheer'd the ſad, and charm'd the tedious day,
Driven every dark idea from my breaſt,
And ſooth'd my troubled ſoul to peaceful reſt.
Oft has ſhe ſtopp'd her own diſcordant lyre
To mark how real Genius wak'd the wire,
When GREECE and ROME reſiſtleſs pour'd along
The fervid energy of glowing ſong,
Or ALBION's Bards the genuine laurel claim,
And more than emulate their maſters' fame.

Then

Then as the lines in varied meaſures flow,
I melt with ſorrow, or with tranſport glow:
Now if the lay ſome mournful theme rehearſe,
I ſigh reſponſive to the plaintive verſe,
Now, wak'd to fury by the martial ſtrain,
My active Fancy views the tented plain,
Hears ſhouting ſquadrons join with eager force,
Arms claſh with arms, and horſe encounter horſe,
Till fir'd with ardent rage and fierce delight,
She breaks from reaſon's rein, and joins the ideal fight.

Here ſome grave Man whoſe head with prudence fraught
Was ne'er diſturb'd by one eccentric thought,
Who without meaning rolls his leaden eyes,
And being ſtupid, fancies he is wiſe,

May with ſagacious ſneers my caſe deplore,
And urge the uſe of reſt, and Hellebore.

When in my heart contending paſſions roll,
When rage, or malice, ſwell my guilty ſoul,
If e'er I proſtitute my venal lays
To pour in Folly's ears the balm of praiſe,
If ever party zeal ſhould warp my youth
From the ſtrict rules of Juſtice, and of Truth,
And urge me with intemperance of rage
To ſtain the boaſted candor of my page,
Here let my friend! your keeneſt cenſures fall,
And ſtrike with Reaſon if you ſtrike at all;
To cenſure's honeſt ſcourge my faults I'll truſt,
Nor deem you cruel, while I know you juſt.

But if you too ſeverely deem a crime
The love of numbers, and a thirſt for rhime,

(Happy

(Happy beyond the race of man is he
Who boaſts a heart from greater foibles free,)
O let me ſtill the ſweet deluſion prove,
Still keep the Folly which ſo much I love,
Nor ever try, with uſeleſs Wiſdom, kind,
To tear this favorite Error from my mind.

THE

THE TRIUMPH OF FASHION.

A VISION.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1770.

IN that bleſs'd ſeaſon, when deſcending ſnows,
In robes of virgin white, the fields incloſe;
When Beaux, and Belles, their rural ſeats forego,
For the gay ſeats of ALMACK's and SOHO:
When to his conſort's wiſh the ſportſman yields,
And quits, for GROSVENOR-SQUARE, the froſt-bound fields;
What time ſtout Labor waking rears his head,
And jaded Luxury juſt thinks of bed;
Tir'd with the toilſome pleaſures of the day,
Stretch'd on my couch with weary limbs I lay:

Then,

Then, as diſorder'd ſlumbers clos'd my eyes,
This ſtrange fantaſtic viſion ſeem'd to riſe.

Methought my footſteps trod a ſpacious plain,
Of ſize, aſſembled nations to contain:
Expos'd to ſight, nor ſcreen'd by ſheltering wood,
Full in the midſt a ſpacious building ſtood.
In various ornaments, on every part,
Had ARCHITECTURE laviſh'd all her art;
Here GRECIAN columns GOTHIC ſtructures bear,
Gay CHINA ſpreads her painted arches there;
The artiſt's ſkill, to charm the roving view,
Had mix'd old orders, and invented new.
High in the dome, on maſſy pillars rear'd,
Rich with refulgent gems, a throne appear'd,
Where, deck'd in all the pomp of regal ſtate,
'Mid gazing crouds, a female figure ſat;

And,

And, while ten thouſand tongues her power proclaim,
The vaulted roofs re-echo FASHION's name.
Round her a train of buſy nymphs are ſeen,
Dreſſing with ſkilful hands their haughty queen:
Some plait her robes, her waſhes ſome prepare,
Some paint her cheeks, and ſome adorn her hair;
Still through perpetual change their labors run,
One moment alters, what the laſt had done.
Numbers each art to gain her favor try,
And watch the varying motions of her eye;
At her command employ their utmoſt ſkill,
And yield their minds, and bodies, to her will;
Lay health, and fame, and fortune, all aſide,
To follow blindly where her mandates guide.
Let but the worſhipp'd Goddeſs give the word,
No toil ſeems difficult, no ſcheme abſurd.
Pale Sickneſs tries each art that can avail,
To make her faded features yet more pale;

While

While roſy Health's capricious fingers ſpread,
On her freſh blooming cheeks, a foreign red.
The weakly ſtripling, fainting with the pace,
Urges o'er hill, and dale, the breathleſs chace;
While the ſtout brawny youth, in languid ſtrains,
Of tender frame, and ſhatter'd nerves, complains.
Nobles, whoſe ſires for freedom bravely ſtood,
Or ſeal'd her ſacred charter with their blood,
Glory their country's honor to have ſold,
And proſtitute their deareſt rights for gold;
In BRITAIN's cauſe while patriot Porters cry,
And Butchers bellow, WILKES and LIBERTY!

As at this motley ſcene, in wild amaze,
On every ſide with wondering eyes I gaze,
Sudden, methought, I heard the clarion's notes;
Loud on the wind the martial clamour floats!—

The embattled legions glitter from afar,
And threaten FASHION's dome with fatal War.
Panting with rage to break her tyrant laws,
Here ſprightly WIT his light-arm'd cohorts draws;
REASON, and SENSE, with VIRTUE by their ſide,
In cloſe array, their firm battalions guide;
And BEAUTY leads in graceful order on,
Her radiant files, that glitter in the ſun.

The Goddeſs ſaw, and through the enamel'd red
A fluſh of rage her glowing features ſpread:
Then, frowning, thus: 'Do theſe allies prepare
'To wage with troops like mine unequal war?—
'Soon ſhall my veterans o'er the purpled plain,
'With force ſuperior, drive the rebel train.
'Though WIT, and SENSE, their various bands
'combine,
'And VIRTUE's powers with BEAUTY's ſquadrons
'join,
'The

'The boldſt of their tribe ſhall mourn, too late,
'The raſh reſolve that tempts them to their fate,
'And bids them urge a hoſt to warlike deeds,
'Which DULNESS marſhals, and which FOLLY
'leads.'

She ſpoke, and while her voice the war defy'd,
Aſſembling myriads croud on every ſide;
Undaunted to the field of death they go,
And frown amazement on the approaching foe:
With dreadful ſhock the encount'ring armies meet,
And the plain trembling, rocks beneath their feet.

Ye NYMPHS of PINDUS! ſtring my feeble lyre,
And in my boſom wake MÆONIAN Fire!
So ſhall my ſong, in equal ſtrains, relate,
The bleeding horrors of this field of fate.

Firſt WIT's impetuous train the fight began;
Full on the foe, with active force they ran.
The hardy ſons of DULNESS bear the ſhock,
Suſtain the onſet, and their ardor mock.
Secure from wounds they fight, no hoſtile reed
Can make the ſacred ſons of DULNESS bleed:
CONCEIT, (whoſe tenfold ſhield's the ſureſt fence
'Gainſt all the fire of WIT, and force of SENSE;
In which, when held before the warrior's heart,
No weapon finds a vulnerable part,
But from it's temper'd verge the arrows bound,
Nor leave a mark, but blunted ſtrew the ground.)
CONCEIT, propitious hovering o'er their heads,
Before this favorite band her buckler ſpreads;
Behind it's ample round they ſafely lie,
And ſcorn the ſhafts of Satire, as they fly.
Weak are the attempts of REASON to ſuſtain
The ſhatter'd force of WIT's defeated train;

Alike

Alike his baffled legions quickly yield,
And ſtill victorious DULNESS keeps the field.

But different far the martial ſcene appears,
Where her triumphant banner BEAUTY rears.
FOLLY, and VICE, in vain their powers oppoſe,
Wide o'er the field her car exulting goes;
Before her bands the hoſtile legions fly,
And round her ſhining chariot myriads die:
Even DULNESS learns to tremble at the fight,
Draws off her conquering ſons, and ſhuns the fight.

The trembling Goddeſs, ſeis'd with deep diſmay,
Beheld the fatal fortune of the day:
Yet one remaining band ſome hopes afford,
To ſnatch the victory from her rival's ſword.
From various regions drawn, a troop ſhe had,
Of forms uncouth, in dreſs fantaſtic clad,

The trueſt ſlaves of FASHION's potent reign,
The keeneſt foes to BEAUTY's gallant train.
A thouſand arms they wield, and arts they know,
Deſtructive all to their triumphant foe:
Here AFFECTATION, dreſs'd in fell grimace,
Diſtorts each feature of a lovely face;
Here MILLINERS and MANTUA-MAKERS join
Their cruel ſkill, to hide each form divine;
Above the reſt, here dire FRISEURS prepare
Their horrid engines, and provoke the war:
Ten thouſand puffs advanc'd with dreadful power
Againſt the adverſe hoſt their powder ſhower;
The riſing duſt obſcures the doubtful fight,
And hides the ſtruggling armies from the ſight;
Wide o'er the foe the gathering miſt extends,
Full on their fronts the ſnowy cloud deſcends.
No more, by artful braidings unconfin'd,
The flaxen hair flows wanton in the wind;

No more the auburn treſſes looſely break,
In curls luxuriant, o'er the ſnowy neck;
Alike the ſable locks their luſtre loſe,
And golden ringlets, ſung by many a MUSE.
O'er the fair train the clouds of powder fall,
And univerſal whiteneſs covers all.
Her alter'd legions BEAUTY ſcarcely knows,
And ſhrinks aſtoniſh'd from her ſhouting foes.
So when on fam'd PHARSALIA's ſpacious ſtage
The world beheld her rival chiefs engage,
While ROME's luxurious youth, on POMPEY's ſide,
Shining in arms, the ſtrokes of death defied,
CÆSAR no more againſt each dauntleſs breaſt,
But to their eyes, his glittering ſpears addreſs'd:
Thoſe who could death in freedom's cauſe embrace,
Struck with the terrors of a mangled face,
From the diſputed field inglorious fly,
To 'ſcape the horrors of deformity.

Now FASHION's breaſt with eager tranſport beats,
While BEAUTY ſlowly from the field retreats:
But ſoon her warriors blaſt the ſhort delight,
Aſſume freſh courage, and renew the fight.
Each wily ſtratagem is us'd in vain
To vanquiſh, or deſtroy, the lovely train;
Though every dreſs to hide their charms they wear,
Diſtort their features, and deform their hair;
To every dreſs ſuperior ſtill they riſe,
Still darts the living lightning from their eyes:
FOLLY beholds her fainting ſquadrons yield,
And baffled DULNESS quits at length the field.

Now, FASHION, ſhame had veil'd thy haughty head,
And BEAUTY reign'd triumphant in thy ſtead:
But, lo! auxiliar armies bend their way,
To reſcue from her force the hard-fought day.

Theſe foreign aids, in four diviſions drawn,
With ſteady footſteps march acroſs the lawn.
Two dreſs'd in ſable garbs their ſquadrons ſpread,
Two like BRITANNIA's legions clad in red.
Amidſt their ranks four frowning kings appear,
And four fair queens their beauteous foreheads rear.
The embattled warriors round, a dreadful fight,
Pant for the conflict, and demand the fight.

'Now haughty foes!' (exulting FASHION cries)
'Now learn my potent empire to deſpiſe!—
'Though the diſaſtrous ſhock of former arms
'Had left ye blooming in your native charms;
'No rouge had ſpread, no powder fall'n to ſhroud
'Your dazzling luſtre in a duſty cloud;
'Not all your vaunted power ſhould ever boaſt
'One laurel raviſh'd from yon veteran hoſt.

'Elate

'Elate in arms, and foremoſt in the field,
'See mighty PAM his maſſy halberd wield!—
'Where-e'er, by victory led, the hero goes,
'What daring arm, undaunted, ſhall oppoſe?
'Or who, with fearleſs eye, the plain explores
'Where dreadful march yon ſable MATADORES?'

The Goddeſs ſaid.—Impatient to engage,
Onward the legions ruſh with ſhouts of rage.
In vain fair BEAUTY calls her faithleſs band,
And bids each chief the fierce attack withſtand;
The apoſtate warriors yield without a blow,
Throw down their uſeleſs arms, and kneel before
the foe.

In triumph now to FASHION's ample fane
The jocund victors march acroſs the plain;
And BEAUTY, hapleſs victim of the war!
Is chain'd a captive to her rival's car.

Now

Now joy tumultuous ſwell'd the Goddeſs' breaſt,
And thus her voice the conquering train addreſs'd:
'Hail, happy chiefs! whoſe ſteady zeal alone
'Has ſav'd from ruin FASHION's tottering throne,
'Whoſe arms have taught my ſtrongeſt foes to yield,
'And chas'd reſiſtance from yon ſanguine field:
'For this exploit, your ever-honor'd band,
'As guards perpetual, round my dome ſhall ſtand.
'And ſounding FAME, who at my palace gates,
'Obedient on my will, for ever waits,
'Shall with her trumpets teach the echoing wind
'To bear this happy tale to all mankind,
'That in each clime where-e'er my awful ſway,
'And high beheſts, the race of man obey,
'Your ſacred names, to all my ſons endear'd,
'Shall, as my own, be worſhipp'd and rever'd.

'SENSE, VIRTUE, WIT, and PRUDENCE, all
'combin'd,
'No more ſhall win the reverence of mankind,
'COURAGE, and WORTH, no longer honor boaſt,
'But GLORY follow whom you favor moſt:
'O'er BEAUTY, PAM ſhall reign deſpotic ſtill,
'CUPID reſign his arrows to SPADILLE,
'And all who bow to FASHION's dread awards,
'Confeſs the univerſal power of CARDS.'

SHOOT-

SHOOTING.

A

POEM.

——VOLANS LIQUIDIS IN NUBIBUS ARSIT,——
SIGNAVITQUE VIAM FLAMMIS—— VIRGIL.

YE ſylvan muſes! as my ſtep invades
The deep receſſes of your hallow'd ſhades,
Say will ye bid your echoing caves prolong
The harſher cadence of your votary's ſong?
Not anxious now to ſtrike the trembling wire,
Sweetly reſponſive to your vernal choir;
Or from the treaſur'd ſtores of earth to bring
The fragrant produce of the roſeate ſpring:
Mine the rude taſk, while ſummer's fading ray
To yellow autumn yields the ſhortening day,

And

And all the variegated woods appear
Clad in the glories of the withering year,
With dogs and fiery weapons to profane
The peaceful ſabbath of your rural reign;
Your deſolated regions to explore
'Mid the wild tempeſt, and the ſeaſon frore;
Deſtruction on your feather'd race to pour,
And add new horrors to the wintry hour.

'Twas thine, immortal SOMERVILLE! to trace
The livelier raptures of the joyful chace,
O'er hills and dales to urge, with eager ſpeed,
The hound ſagacious, and the panting ſteed;
And guide the labors of the enthuſiaſt throng
With all the extatic energy of ſong.—
Severer care theſe calmer lays demand,
And Fancy curb'd by ſage Inſtruction's hand:

Yet,

Yet, for the Muſe ſome ſcatter'd charms ſhall gleam
'Mid the rich chaos of this copious theme;
Yet, here ſhall Glory view with generous aim,
The riſing elements of martial fame.
As from the chace BRITANNIA's youth ſhall learn
The docile ſteed with ready hand to turn;
O'er the rude crag his bounding ſteps to guide,
Or preſs his ardor down the mountain's ſide,
Till, ruſhing to the field with fierce delight,
She ſends forth other * LINDSEYS to the fight:
So ſhall the ſteady train, of careful eye,
Who wound th' aerial offspring as they fly,
Whoſe limbs unwearied keep the conſtant way,
From morn's firſt opening dawn, till parting day,
Manly and firm, an unexhauſted race,
With hardy frames the ſhining phalanx grace;

* This gallant Officer, who was killed in one of the deſcents on the coaſt of France, during the war before laſt, was very inſtrumental in firſt forming the Light Horſe of this country.

With

With ſteps, by labor unſubdu'd, ſhall know
Inceſſant to purſue the fainting foe;
Shall, 'midſt the rocks and woods, with active toil
Hang o'er his march, and all his movements foil;
Their cloſe platoons, with cool and certain aim,
Shall ſend deſtruction forth in vollied flame:
Or o'er the field diſpers'd, each ſhot they pour
Shall mark ſome hoſtile victim's fatal hour.

Of old, ere man with imitative ſkill,
Taught mimic thunders to obey his will,
Train'd by ſuperior care, the elaſtic yew
With ſinewy arm, our Engliſh bowmen drew:
The warlike art exulting ALBION ſaw
Protected by the foſtering hand of law;
Attentive * ſenates watch'd, with anxious zeal,
This martial bulwark of the general weal;

* See 33 Hen. VIII. ch. 9.

The

The rules they order'd, or the prize they gave,
Compell'd the ſlothful, and inflam'd the brave;
And oft her archer-ſons would trophies wear
From GALLIA's croſs-bow won, and SCOTIA's ſpear.

Nor let the frown of literary pride,
Or falſe refinement's ſneer, my labors chide:
Not all are form'd with unremitting view
Pale ſtudy's reſtleſs labors to purſue:
Not all their hours are dull enough to waſte
In the void round of faſhionable taſte;
Nor can the gentle airings, which engage
The fainter wiſh of languor, and of age,
From his purſuits the ſanguine votary draw
Of wealth, of joy, of wiſdom, or of law,
Till ſlow diſeaſe demands the leach's care,
Sad ſubſtitute for exerciſe and air!

The impatient youth, whom manly vigor fires,
Ruddy with health, and ſtung by wild deſires;
By active ſports alone can ſoothe to reſt
The boiling fervors of his panting breaſt.
Nor ſhall BRITANNIA's patriots blame the cauſe,
To woods and fields her wealthier chiefs that draws.
Let GALLIA's ſons to rural ſcenes reſort
Only when exil'd from a partial court,
Whoſe deareſt hopes a Monarch's favor crown,
Rais'd by his ſmile, or blaſted by his frown;
But ALBION's freer lords muſt try to gain
The unbiaſs'd ſuffrage of her ruſtic train.
And every tie that binds her nobler band,
With dearer love, to their paternal land,
Her yeomen ſhall behold with grateful eye,
A ſurer pledge of wealth and liberty.

Come then, ye hardy youths, who wiſh to ſave
By generous labor powers that nature gave!
Who fly from languor, huſh'd in dread repoſe
Beneath the leaves of ſloth's enchanting roſe,
Glad on the upland brow, or echoing vale,
To drink new vigor from the morning gale;—
Come! and the Muſe ſhall ſhew you how to foil
By ſports of ſkill the tedious hours of toil;
The healthful leſſons of the field impart,
And careful teach the rudiments of art.

When the laſt ſun of Auguſt's fiery reign
Now bathes his radiant forehead in the main,
The panoply by ſportive heroes worn
Is rang'd in order for the enſuing morn;
Forth from the ſummer guard of bolt and lock
Comes the thick guêtre, and the fuſtian frock;

With curious ſkill, the deathful tube is made
Clean as the firelock of the ſpruce parade:
Yet, let no poliſh of the ſportſman's gun
Flaſh like the ſoldier's weapon to the ſun,
Or the bright ſteel's refulgent glare preſume
To penetrate the peaceful foreſt's gloom;
But let it take the brown's more ſober hue,
Or the dark luſtre of the enamell'd blue.
Let the cloſe pouch the wadded tow contain,
The leaden pellets, and the nitrous grain;
And wiſely cautious, with preventive care,
Be the ſpare flint, and ready turnſcrew there;
While the ſlung net is open to receive
Each prize the labors of the day ſhall give.

Yet oft the experienc'd ſhooter will deride
This quaint exactneſs of faſtidious pride;

In ſome old coat that whilom charm'd the eye,
Till time had worn it into ſlovenry,
His duſky weapon, all by ruſt conceal'd,
Through rainy ſervice in the ſportive field,
He iſſues to the plain, ſecure to kill,
And founds his glory on ſuperior ſkill.

The night recedes, and mild AURORA now
Waves her gray banner on the eaſtern brow;
Light float the miſty vapors o'er the ſky,
And dim the blaze of PHŒBUS' gariſh eye;
The flitting breeze juſt ſtirs the ruſtling brake,
And curls the cryſtal ſurface of the lake;
The expectant ſportſmen, urg'd by anxious haſte,
Snatch the refreſhment of a ſhort repaſt,
Their weapons ſeize, their pointers call around,
And ſally forth impatient to the ground.

Here where the yellow wheat away is drawn,
And the thick ſtubble clothes the ruſſet lawn,
Begin the ſport.—Eager and unconfin'd
As when ſtern ÆOLUS unchains the wind,
The active pointer, from his thong unbound,
Impatient daſhes o'er the dewy ground,
With glowing eye, and undulating tail,
Ranges the field, and ſnuffs the tainted gale;
Yet, 'midſt his ardor, ſtill his maſter fears,
And the reſtraining whiſtle careful hears.
So when BRITANNIA's watchful navies ſweep,
In freedom's awful cauſe, the hoſtile deep,
Though the brave warrior panting to engage,
And looſe on ENGLAND's foes his patriot rage,
The tempeſt's howling fury deems too ſlow
To fill his ſails, and waft him to the foe;
Yet, 'mid the fiery conflict, if he ſpy
From the high maſt his leader's ſignal fly,

To

To the command obedience inſtant pays,
And martial order martial courage ſways.

See how exact they try the ſtubble o'er,
Quarter the field, and every turn explore;
Now ſudden wheel, and now attentive ſeize
The known advantage of the oppoſing breeze.—
At once they ſtop!—yon' careful dog deſcries
Where cloſe and near the lurking covey lies.
His caution mark, leſt even a breath betray
The impending danger to his timid prey;
In various attitudes around him ſtand,
Silent and motionleſs, the attending band.
So when the ſon of DANAE and JOVE,
Crown'd by gay conqueſt and ſucceſsful love,
Saw PHINEUS and his frantic rout invade
The feſtive rights by HYMEN ſacred made,

To the rude BACCHANALS his arm outſpread
The horrid image of MEDUSA's head;
Soon as the locks their ſnaky curls diſcloſe,
A marble ſtiffneſs ſeiz'd his threatening foes;
Fix'd were the eyes that mark'd the javelin thrown,
And each ſtern warrior rear'd his lance in ſtone.

Now by the glowing cheek and heaving breaſt
Is expectation's ſanguine wiſh expreſs'd.—
Ah curb your headlong ardor! nor refuſe
Patient to hear the precepts of the Muſe.
Sooner ſhall noiſy heat in raſh diſpute
The reaſoning calm of placid ſenſe confute;
Sooner the headlong rout's miſguided rage
With the firm phalanx equal combat wage,
Than the warm youth, whom anxious hopes inflame,
Purſue the fleeting mark with ſteady aim.

By

By temperate thought your glowing paſſions cool,
And bow the ſwelling heart to reaſon's rule;
Elſe when the whirring pinion, as it flies,
Alarms your ſtartled ear, and dazzled eyes,
Unguided by the cautious arm of care,
Your random bolts ſhall waſte their force in air.

They riſe!—they riſe!—Ah yet your fire reſtrain,
Till the ſcar'd birds ſecurer diſtance gain;
For, thrown too cloſe, the ſhots your hopes elude,
Wide of your aim, and innocent of blood;
But mark with careful eye their leſſening flight,
Your ready gun, obedient to your ſight,
And at the length where frequent trials ſhew
Your fatal weapon gives the ſureſt blow,
Draw quick!—yet ſteady care with quickneſs join,
Leſt the ſhock'd barrel deviate from the line;

So

So ſhall ſucceſs your ardent wiſhes pay,
And ſure deſtruction wait the flying prey.

As glory more than gain allures the brave
To dare the combat loud, and louder wave;
So the ambition of the ſportſman lies
More in the certain ſhot than bleeding prize.
While poachers, mindful of the feſtal hour,
Among the covey random ſlaughter pour;
And, as their numbers preſs the crimſon'd ground,
Regardleſs reck not of the ſecret wound,
Which borne away, the wretched victims lie
'Mid ſilent ſhades to languiſh and to die.
O let your breaſt ſuch ſelfiſh views diſclaim,
And ſcorn the triumph of a caſual aim:
Not urg'd by rapine, but of honor proud,
One object ſingle from the ſcattering croud;

So,

So, when you ſee the deſtin'd quarry down,
Shall juſt applauſe your ſkilful labor crown.

If your ſtaunch dogs require no inſtant toil
To reſcue from their jaws the fluttering ſpoil,
Re-load your fatal piece with prudent zeal,
While glows with recent flame the ſmoaking ſteel;
So the black grain ſhall kindling warmth acquire,
And take the flinty ſpark with readier fire;
Or if ſome ſcatter'd bird, that lay behind,
Sudden ſhould riſe, and fleet away on wind,
You check her rapid courſe, nor murmuring ſtand,
Your empty weapon uſeleſs in your hand.

Now ſome obſervant eye has mark'd their flight,
And ſeen diſpers'd the weary'd covey light;
Soon to the ſpot the ranging pointer drawn,
Exploses with tender noſe the tainted lawn,

Where,

Where, to his nicer ſenſe, their fumes betray
The ſecret ambuſh of the fearful prey.
With cautious action now, and ſtealthful pace,
His careful ſteps purſue the running race;
Now fix'd he ſtands, now moves with doubtful tread,
Stopp'd by their pauſe, or by their motion led,
Till, rooted by the ſheltering hedge, his feet
Declare the trembling victim's laſt retreat.

But as, with beating breaſts, on either ſide
The impatient youths the pleaſing taſk divide,
And in the row between, the lurking game
Lies hid from ſight, ah, careful be the aim!
Leſt, ſkreen'd and parted by the thorny mound,
The erring ſhots ſhould give a fatal wound,
And change the jocund ſportſman's verdant wreath
For funeral weeds, for mourning, tears, and death.

In

In LYDIAN plains, where rich PACTOLUS roll'd
Through groves of perfume, and o'er ſands of gold,
CRŒSUS, of ASIA's lords the proudeſt name,
Shar'd every gift of fortune, and of fame;
So wide his empire, and ſo vaſt his ſtore,
That avarice and ambition aſk'd no more;
Though bleſt in theſe, the dearer bliſs he knows
With which a parent's happy boſom glows,
For not the faireſt image ever dreſs'd
In the fond wiſhes of a father's breaſt,
By flattery ſwell'd, could mate the virtuous praiſe
To ATYS' worth that truth unbiaſs'd pays.
At war's loud clarion if the nations bled,
Conqueſt his armies crown'd if ATYS led;
If the rude waves of civil diſcord broke,
Huſh'd was the riſing ſtorm if ATYS ſpoke;
His lenient voice bade loud rebellion ceaſe,
And charm'd contending factions into peace:

Nor

Nor leſs his care domeſtic knew to bring
Joy to his ſire, than ſafety to his king;
Nor was the patriot's glory priz'd above
The dearer charity of filial love.

While proſperous ſcenes the monarch's thoughts beguile,
Too little warn'd of Fortune's tranſient ſmile,
'Mid the dark moments of the boding night
A horrid viſion ſeem'd to meet his ſight,
With dying mien his ATYS ſtood confeſs'd,
Transfix'd by horrid ſteel his bleeding breaſt.—
Swift from his couch he ſtarts, while wild deſpair
Contracts his eye-balls, and uplifts his hair.
In vain the orient morn's reviving power
Chas'd the pale phantoms of the midnight hour;
The recollected ſcene his peace annoys,
Sinks in his heart, and poiſons all his joys;

Around

Around him viſionary falchions gleam.
In act to realize his dreadful dream;
And if by chance loud rumor wafts from far
Uncertain clamors of intended war,
His laboring breaſt foretels the fatal deed,
And ſees in fancied fights his ATYS bleed.

What ſhall his fears invent, or how control
The generous ardor of the hero's ſoul?—
His mind to gentler thoughts he tries to move,
And conquer ſtrong renown by ſtronger love.
The faireſt maid of LYDIA's glowing dames,
Whoſe beauteous form the manly youth inflames,
With eaſtern roſes crown'd, is bluſhing led
In Hymeneal pomp, to ATYS' bed.
To cares of empire, and to toils of fight,
Succeed the feſtal day, and genial night:

Soft

Soft Pleaſure ſpreads around her blooming flow'rs,
And wanton CUPID leads the laughing hours.

Amid theſe joys, from MYSIA's ſubject plain,
Before the throne, behold a ſuppliant train!
'O mighty prince!' they cry, 'we now repair
'To claim the aid of thy paternal care;
'A ſavage monſter of portentous ſize,
'Whoſe cruel ſtrength our utmoſt force defies,
'Ranges our fields, ſpreads devaſtation round,
'And roots the unripen'd harveſt from the ground.
'O, let thy youths, to range the woods who know,
'Attend with faithful dogs, and twanging bow;
'In his dire haunts the fierce invader brave,
'Repel his fury, and thy ſubjects ſave.
'Perhaps the prince.'—The eager monarch, here,
Urg'd by the influence of parental fear,

Arreſts

Arreſts their ſpeech: 'My arms, my youths ſhall
'go,
'Your terrors quell, and check this ſavage foe;
'But for my ſon, him other cares employ,
'And the ſoft ſcenes of Hymeneal joy,
'Nor muſt the rugged chace, or dubious fight,
'Mar the ſweet tranſports of the nuptial rite.'

He ceas'd; attentive round the MYSIAN band,
Pleas'd with the promis'd aid, ſubmiſſive ſtand.
Not ſo the prince, his ardent boſom glows
To burſt the ſilken bands of ſtill repoſe.
'Ah! what, my ſire,' he cries, 'has ATYS done?
'What ſad diſtruſt awaits your hapleſs ſon,
'That thus immers'd in ſloth you keep him far
'From fields of glory, and from toils of war?
'For love's ſoft raptures though the hero burn,
'Yet fame and danger claim their wonted turn.

'How ſhall I meet, involv'd in this diſgrace,
'The indignant murmurs of your warrior race?
'How will, with tears of ſilent ſcorn, my bride
'Her alter'd lord's inglorious ſafety chide!
'O give my wiſhes way, or let me hear
'The hidden ſource of this injurious fear.'

This earneſt prayer the ſmother'd ſecret draws,
And the ſad Monarch owns the latent cauſe:
When ATYS, ſmiling:—'How ſhall I reprove
'The fond exceſſes of paternal love,
'Though for my undeſerving life is ſhown
'A nice regard you never paid your own?
'But ſhall the heir of CRŒSUS' martial name
'Inglorious life prefer to glorious fame?—
'Life is a bliſs, when crown'd by virtue's meed,
'And death a prize, when honor bids us bleed;

'Omens

'Omens and dreams in vain the purpoſe ſtay
'When duty calls, and glory points the way.
'Or grant ſome god the viſion ſent, yet here
'Vain are your cares, and uſeleſs is your fear;
'Transfix'd by ſteel my bleeding breaſt you ſaw,
'Not torn and mangled by a beſtial jaw;
'Then let me go, and when you meet your ſon
'Clad in the ſhaggy ſpoils his arms have won,
'The ſhadowy phantoms of the night ſhall ceaſe
'To haunt your ſlumbers, and diſturb your peace.'

The Monarch hears, and with reluctant eyes
Gives the conſent his boding heart denies;
His brow a placid guiſe diſſembling wears,
While Reaſon vainly combats ſtronger fears.

It chanced a youth of PHRYGIA's royal train,
His hand polluted by a brother ſlain,

Exil'd by vengeance from his native ground,
In Crœsus' peaceful court a refuge found;
Where oft would Atys' gentler care impart
The balm of friendſhip to his wounded heart;
To him the wretched king in ſecret ſpoke,
While tears and ſighs his faltering accents choke;
'If, brave Adrastus, thy oppreſſive woes
'In Sardis' ſheltering walls have found repoſe,
'If here the expiating rite renew'd
'Has paid the forfeit for fraternal blood,
'If pity's tear, if friendſhip's lenient balm
'Have tried with ſtudious zeal thy griefs to
'calm,
'Go with my ſon, and by attentive care
'Partake his labors, and his dangers ſhare.
'Shield him from peril that my ſoul alarms,
'And bring him back in ſafety to my arms.'

To

To whom the youth: 'Oft has my ready breaſt
'Panted to aſk the office you requeſt,
'As oft my conſcious ſhame that wiſh reſtrain'd,
'Diſgraced by exile, and by murder ſtain'd:
'Since you command, your ATYS I'll attend,
'Obey my patron, and protect my friend;
'Watch o'er his ſafety in the doubtful ſtrife,
'Or ranſom with my own his dearer life.'

Now to the MYSIAN fields elate and gay
The eager warriors bend their jocund way,
The echoing hills and foreſt walks reſound
With ſhouts of men, and chidings of the hound.
Rous'd from his lair, and iſſuing on the plain,
Forth burſts the monſter on the hunter train,
Around the circling youths impatient ſtand,
And launch their ſteely darts with ready hand.

Too raſhly eager as the PHRYGIAN threw,
With erring aim the pointed jav'lin flew,
In ATYS' breaſt the quivering weapon ſtood,
And drank with fatal barbs his vital blood.—
The mournful ſhrieks that rent the ambient air,
The weeping troops, ADRASTUS' loud deſpair;
The ſilent agony, the guſhing tide
Of the ſad parent, and the widow'd bride,
The plaints they utter, and the woes they feel,
No heart can image, and no tongue reveal.
As the ill-fated youth is borne along,
All pale and bleeding, through the groaning throng,
By the cold corſe ADRASTUS' frantic cries,
Death in his voice, and horror in his eyes;
'Why have the gods in partial vengeance ſhed
'Their choiceſt curſes on my wretched head?
'Fated the keeneſt ſtrokes of wrath to prove,
'And doom'd to murder thoſe whom moſt I love!

'O

'O much wrong'd ſire, let thy avenging hand
'Expiate by guilty blood this weeping land:
'Be on my heart thy inſtant fury hurl'd,
'And ſave from future parricide the world!'

'Alas, my ſon!' the wretched King replied,
'Tis awful JOVE who thus corrects my pride,
'Which, crown'd by conqueſt, and with power elate,
'It's fortune deem'd beyond the reach of fate.
'Alas! too late repentant, now I find
'The fleeting happineſs of human kind!
'My hopes, my cares are paſt! this cruel blow
'Has laid at once my vain ambition low;
'The offended gods this chaſtiſement have given,
'Thou but the fatal inſtrument of heaven.'

Silent the youth withdrew, till ſad were paid
The tributary rites to ATYS' ſhade:

Then, as chill midnight's dreary hours return,
Weeping he ſought the monumental urn:
'ATYS!' he cried, 'behold ADRASTUS come
'A willing victim to thy hallow'd tomb!—
'This erring hand, the fatal ſtroke that gave,
'Shall lay thy murderer breathleſs on thy grave.'
Then pierced with ſudden arm his ſtruggling breaſt,
And on the blood-ſtain'd marble ſunk to reſt.

As more obliquely on autumnal ſkies
With milder force OCTOBER's ſuns ariſe,
The purple pheaſant tempts the youth to rove
With well-train'd ſpaniels through the faded grove.
See how with emulative zeal they ſtrive,
Thrid the looſe ſedge, and through the thicket drive!
Not ranging lawleſs o'er the foreſt wide,
But cloſe attendant on their maſter's ſide;

No babbling voice the boſom falſely warms,
Or ſwells the panting heart with vain alarms,
Till all at once their choral tongues proclaim
The ſecret refuge of the lurking game;
Loud on the breeze the chearful clamor floats,
And the high wood re-echoes with their notes.
Swift is their courſe, no lengthen'd warnings now
Space to collect the ſcatter'd thoughts allow,
No wary pointer ſhews the cautious eyes
Where from his ruffet couch the bird ſhall riſe:
Perhaps light running o'er the moſſy ground,
His devious ſteps your ſanguine hopes confound;
Or, by the tangled branches hid from ſight,
Sudden he wings his unexpected flight.
No open view along the uncumber'd field
To the cool aim will time and diſtance yield;
But the nice circumſtance will oft demand
The quickeſt eye-ſight and the readieſt hand,

Swift as he riſes from the thorny brake,
With inſtant glance the fleeting mark to take,
And with prompt arm the tranſient moment ſeize,
'Mid the dim gloom of intervening trees.
His gaudy plumage when the male diſplays
In bright luxuriance to the ſolar rays,
Arreſt with haſty ſhot his whirring ſpeed,
And ſee unblam'd the ſhining victim bleed;
But when the hen to thy diſcerning view
Her ſober pinion ſpreads of duſkier hue,
The attendant keeper's prudent warning hear,
And ſpare the offspring of the future year;
Elſe ſhall the fine which cuſtom laid of old
Avenge her ſlaughter by thy forfeit gold.

Soon as the ready dogs their quarry ſpring,
And ſwift he ſpreads his variegated wing,

Ceas'd

Ceas'd is their cry, with ſilent look they wait
Till the loud gun decides the event of fate;
Nor, if the ſhots are thrown with erring aim,
And proudly ſoars away the unwounded game,
Will the ſtaunch train purſue him as he flies
With uſeleſs ſpeed, and unavailing cries.

And now when cloudy ſkies and drizzling rains
Swell the full ſprings, and drench the moiſten'd plains,
The extended ſpace of land and ocean croſs'd
From the bleak ſcenes of HYPERBOREAN froſt,
With active wing the unwearied Woodcocks fly
To ſouthern climates, and a milder ſky,
The oſier'd borders of the brook explore,
And with deep bills the foreſt marſhes bore.
Where now matur'd yon ſlender aſhes ſtand,
Riſe from their ſtools and tempt the woodman's hand,

Where

Where the looſe trunks admit the partial ray
Along the border take your cautious way.
Here let your care the ſhorten'd gun employ,
Leſt the thick boughs the purpos'd aim annoy;
Let ſuper-added ſteel with preſſure ſure,
From the dank drip the ſhelter'd pan ſecure:
And as the ſilent bird the ſtems among
Wheels ſlow his deſultory flight along,
With ſteady eye his wavering motion watch,
And through the parting trees the advantage catch;
Though diſtant be the ſhot, the ſlighteſt wound
Shall lay the fluttering victim on the ground.

Rous'd by the ſpaniel, 'midſt the foreſt ſhade,
Behold the trembling Leveret croſs the glade!
If round the extended plains yield ample ſpace,
Or for the rapid courſe, or chearful chace,

O, ſacred be her ſteps! nor let thy hand
Blaſt the fair hopes of a congenial band,
Or for a tranſient pleaſure meanly foil
The lengthen'd tranſport of the hunter's toil;
But where ſteep hills and ſpacious woodlands riſe,
Or the long flight the frequent copſe denies,
Blameleſs arreſt her rapid flight, nor ſpare
The timid victim for the inglorious ſnare.

Where ſhining rills with copious moiſture feed
The deeper verdure of the irriguous mead,
Or where between the purple heaths is ſeen
The moſſy boſom of the low ravine,
The fearful Snipes, hid from the ſearching eye,
'Mid the dank ſedge and nodding ruſhes lie.
With ſudden turns oblique, when firſt they riſe,
As from the weaver's arm the ſhuttle flies

They

They ſhape their wavering courſe: but patient ſtay
Till, with ſecurer wing, they ſoar away:
Then as aloft their outſtretch'd pinions ſail,
Borne on the boſom of the buoyant gale,
The fatal ſhot ſent forth with cautious ſight,
Shall bring them wheeling from their towering height.

When winter now, a gloomy tyrant, reigns
In dreadful ſilence o'er the ravaged plains,
Involves in ſheets of ſnow the bending woods,
And throws his icy mantle o'er the floods,
Cloſe by the harden'd brook, whoſe ſullen ſtream
No more ſoft murmuring aids the poet's dream,
Where, 'midſt the matted ſedge, the emerging flood
With air and life renews the finny brood,
The patient fowler ſtands with ſilent aim
To watch the ſtation of the watery game:

Not

Not like the gentle angler, careleſs laid,
In the cool ſhelter of the ſummer ſhade,
But train'd with hardy ſinews to defy
The chilling keenneſs of a wintry ſky;
While here the aquatic Wild-fowl's timid race
With wonted pinion ſeek the well known place
Where ruſhes thick the Widgeon's haunt conceal,
The blue-wing'd Mallard, and the tenderer Teal;
Swift on the various race, in fiery ſhower,
The ſcattering ſhots unſeen deſtruction pour,
With mingled ſlaughter ſtrew the froſt-bound flood,
And dye the ſullied ſnow with guſhing blood.

Such are the ſports that fertile ALBION yields,
Such the wing'd inmates of her milder fields;
But bounteous Nature, with diffuſive hand,
Spreads wide her various produce o'er the land,

Each different region marks with nurturing care,
And bids a race congenial flouriſh there.
A tribe peculiar by her power is plac'd
On the drear mountain, and the howling waſte,
Which art and induſtry would rear in vain,
Or in the ſhelter'd vale, or cultur'd plain.
Hence wandering far from ENGLAND's gentler ſcene,
Her ſpacious champains, and her paſtures green,
The hardy youth will CAMBRIA's cliffs explore,
Or climb the heights of CALEDONIA hoar,
The Grouſe and ſable Heath-cock to purſue
Where moors unbounded tire the ſated view,
And ſullen ſilence reigns, ſave where the tide
Pours in ſwoln torrents from the mountain's ſide;
While ſummer ſuns in full effulgence ſhed
Their burning fervors on the throbbing head.

Thus

Thus has my verſe in humble ſtrains reveal'd
The various pleaſures of the ſportive field,
And ſhewn the different labors of the day
As the revolving ſeaſons roll away:
But vainly ſhall preceptive rules impart
A perfect knowledge of this manly art;
Practice alone can certain ſkill produce,
And theory confirm'd by conſtant uſe.
As well the ſtripling of the gay parade,
Proud of his ſilken ſaſh and ſmart cockade,
Though taught by wiſe inſtructors to explore
The martial depth of mathematic lore,
Might hope to drive VICTORIA's crimſon car
Triumphant o'er the bleeding ranks of war,
Ere the long march, the early toil, and late,
The frequent ſcenes of danger and of fate,
The fervor of the glowing breaſt allay,
Change ardor's blaze for valor's temperate ray,

And teach the mind, unruffled and ſerene,
To keep her powers 'mid horrors wildeſt ſcene.

The hardy youth who pants with eager flame
To ſend his leaden bolts with certain aim,
Muſt ne'er with diſappointed hopes recoil
From cold and heat, from hunger and from toil,
Muſt climb the hill, muſt tread the marſhy glade,
Or force the paſſage through the oppoſing ſhade,
Muſt range untam'd by SOL's meridian power,
And brave the force of winter's keeneſt hour,
Till induſtry and time their work have wrought,
And honor crown the ſkill that labor taught.

Yet ſome, theſe harſher rudiments to ſpare,
And equal art with eaſier toil to ſhare,
Or watch with careful aim and ready ſight
The ſwallow wheeling in her ſummer flight,

Or on ſome lofty cliff, whoſe chalky ſteep
Hangs with rude brow impending o'er the deep,
Where gulls and ſcreaming ſea-mews haunt the rock,
Pour fire inceſſant on the mingled flock.
But vain their hopes—preſented to the eye
In ſuch diverſive lines the objects fly,
The dazzled ſight unnumber'd marks purſues,
And ſhifts it's aim, uncertain which to chuſe;
Deciſion quick and calm, the ſhooter's boaſt,
By frequent change, is check'd, confus'd, and loſt,
And, guarded by irreſolute delay,
Untouch'd ſhall future coveys fleet away.

More hurtful ſtill to try with diſtant blow
To bring the percher from th' aerial bough.
How ſhall his thoughts the level that prepare,
With all the caution of mechanic care,

Exact and ſteady as the ſage's eye
Through GALILEO's tube ſurveys the ſky,
With ready view the tranſient object ſeize,
Swift as the motion of the rapid breeze,
Purſue the uncertain mark with ſwift addreſs,
And catch the fleeting moment of ſucceſs?

Ere yet the Muſe her lay preceptive end
Ye eager youths theſe friendly rules attend:
'Tis not enough, that cautious aim, and ſure,
From erring ſhots your brave compeers ſecure,
That prudence guard thoſe ills which erſt might flow
From the wing'd javelin, and the ſounding bow;
For on the gun unnumber'd dangers wait,
And various forms of unexpected fate.
Drawn thro' the thorny hedge, the uncertain lock
May give with ſudden ſpring, a deadly ſhock;

Or

Or the looſe ſpark the rapid flaſh may raiſe,
And wrap the ſulphurous duſt in inſtant blaze.

'Tis hence the military race prepare
The novice youth with ſuch aſſiduous care,
And teach him with punctilious art to wield
The weighty fire-lock in the embattled field.
Though ſome may deem the attention urg'd too far,
As the mere pomp and circumſtance of war;
When cloſely wedg'd the firm battalions ſtand,
Rank preſs'd on rank, and band impelling band,
Did not faſtidious zeal with cautious plan
Define each act, and every motion ſcan,
Oft would the bullets 'mid the battles roar
The thirſty herbage die with friendly gore,
And oft the dangerous weapon's kindling breath
Change fields of exerciſe, to fields of death.

Behold yon' eager race who o'er the plain,
With ſtimulating heel and looſen'd rein,
Their panting courſers urge to leave behind
The rapid currents of the northern wind,
Though, as with headlong rage they ruſh along,
Impending dangers ſeem to wait the throng;
Though accident with more apparent face
Seem to attend the ardor of the chace;
Yet, 'mid theſe calmer ſports, with ghaſtly mien
The pallid form of ſlaughter lurks unſeen;
And while the hunter checks his bold career
To pour on RUSSEL's tomb the ſorrowing tear,
The ſportive train who haunt the fatal glades
Where hoary CAMUS flows by GRANTA's ſhades,
Shall weep the unexpected blow that gave
Their much-lov'd COTTON to a timeleſs grave.
Lamented youth! when erſt on WARLEY's plains
We led in radiant arms our ruſtic ſwains,

What time BRITANNIA, friendleſs and forlorn,
Her ſhores expos'd, her naval trophies torn,
Bold in her native vigor dar'd oppoſe
Rebellious ſubjects, and combining foes;
In vain thy generous boſom burn'd to ſtand
The manly bulwark of an injur'd land,
Or nobly bleeding by the hoſtile ball,
In freedom's, and in ALBION's cauſe to fall;
Doom'd by relentleſs fate, to preſs the ground,
The unhappy victim of a caſual wound.

Votaries of rural joy! with mine while flow
Your kindred ſtreams of ſympathetic woe,
By ſalutary care, ah! learn to ſhun
The hidden dangers of the unguarded gun!
And, as in fields of pleaſure you acquire
The ſoldier's manly toil and ſteady fire,

His cautious uſe of arms attentive heed,
Careful by no inglorious wound to bleed,
Nor laviſh life, but in the ſacred cauſe
Of BRITAIN's injur'd rights, and violated laws.

AERO-

AEROPHORION*,

A

POEM.

WHEN bold Ambition tempts the ingenuous mind
To leave the beaten paths of life behind,
Sublime on Glory's pinions to ariſe,
Urg'd by the love of manly enterprize;
Swol'n Indolence and Fear, with envious view
The radiant track inceſſant will purſue,
The ſneer of Malice to the croud will teach,
And mock thoſe labors they deſpair to reach.

* This little Poem was written on ſeeing Mr. SADLER, the firſt ENGLISH AERONAUT, aſcend in his Balloon from the Phyſic Garden in Oxford, in November 1784.

Nor

Nor does the bold Adventurer dread alone
The poiſon'd ſhafts by ſcowling Envy thrown;
For deck'd in Wiſdom's garb pedantic Pride,
And pompous Dulneſs conſtant to her ſide,
Shall try with looks profound each new deſign
By the ſtrict rules of Compaſs and of Line,
And damn the Scheme, whoſe Author can't pro-
duce
The exact returns of profit and of uſe.

Far be it from the Muſe with Siren ſong
To draw from uſeful toil the induſtrious throng,
Or o'er the ſerious arts of life to raiſe
Warm Speculation's yet unſanction'd praiſe,
Earth's genial lap who teaches to unfold
A richer ſtore of vegetable gold,
Who knows in union's cloſer bands to draw
The oppoſing claims of Liberty and Law,

Who

Who dares in Freedom's holy cauſe to brave
The adverſe legion and the hoſtile wave,
Shall gain from Virtue's breath a purer fame
Than all the Poet or the Sage can claim.

Yet, led by Science, they whoſe ſteps explore
Each deep reſource of Nature's hidden ſtore;
Whether pale ſtudy prompt them to reveal
What wonderous ſcenes her ſhapes minute conceal,
Or with ſuperior zeal and bolder toil,
Which danger cannot check, or labor foil,
They trace her giant form and march ſublime
Through each viciſſitude of ſoil and clime,
Shall ſurely there ſome treaſur'd ſecrets find,
Parents of good and uſeful to mankind,
Which far conceal'd from vulgar eye-ſight lay
Till active Science call'd them into day,

When firſt ſage MATHESIS thoſe laws reveal'd
Which lead the Stars thro' Heaven's eternal field,
What preſcience could foreſee their courſe ſhould guide
The future veſſel through the unfathom'd tide?
Does BOTANY collect her flowers in vain
Without one lenient herb to ſoften pain?
And has the MUSE ſtill pour'd an empty lay,
Nor charm'd one vagrant foot to virtue's way?

Or grant that Science, of her ſtores profuſe,
Forſake awhile her toils of graver uſe,
Yet ſure no vulgar joys his breaſt engage
Who reads the wonders of her awful page,
Purſues the paths by former Sages trod,
Which lead thro' Nature's works, to Nature's God;
Now follows Vegetation's varied powers,
Thro' all the change of foliage, fruit, and flowers,

Now

Now feels the electric ſpark with ſudden flame
Shoot mimic lightning through his thrilling frame,
And now delights the etheraal orbs to trace
Amid the vaſt expanſe of boundleſs ſpace.

Hail then ye daring few! who proudly ſoar
Through paths by mortal eye unview'd before!
From earth and all her humble ſcenes who riſe
To ſearch the extended manſions of the ſkies.
If firm his breaſt who firſt undaunted gave
His fragile veſſel to the ſtormy wave,
How much ſuperior he! whoſe buoyant car
Borne through the ſtrife of elemental war,
Driven by the veering wind's uncertain tide,
No helm to ſteer him, and no oar to guide,
See Earth's ſtupendous regions ſpread below,
To hillocks ſhrunk the mountains loftieſt brow.

Who now his head ſublime, aſtoniſh'd ſhrouds
In the dull gloom of rain-diſtended clouds,
And ſits enthron'd 'mid ſolitude and ſhade
Which human eye-ſight never can pervade,
Or rides amidſt the howling tempeſt's force
Tracing the volley'd lightning to it's ſource,
Or proudly riſing o'er the lagging wind
Leaves all the jarring Atmoſphere behind,
And at his feet, while ſpreading clouds extend,
While thunders bellow, and while ſtorms deſcend,
Feels on his head the enlivening ſun-beams play,
And drinks in ſkies ſerene the unſullied ſtream of day.

And ſay ye gloomy Cynics who deſpiſe
The manly labors of the brave and wiſe,
Who damp with envious breath the generous fires
Which Science kindles and which Fame inſpires,

Yet

Yet Hell's remoteſt regions would explore
If the rich mine allur'd with proffer'd ore.
Say can ye tell what this, yet novel art,
May to the future race of man impart,
What wonders hence may to our ſons be ſhewn,
Truths now untaught, and bleſſings yet unknown?

Tempted by cloudleſs ſkies, yet half afraid,
When firſt the novice mariner eſſay'd
On the frail raft the border to forſake
To try the boſom of the unruffled lake;
Graſping with trembling hand the ill-form'd oar,
And ſcarcely venturing from the leſſening ſhore,
While ſhouting crouds applauding rent the ſkies,
And weeping matrons blam'd the bold emprize:
Had ſome enthuſiaſt boſom then foretold
What wonderous ſcenes the invention ſhould unfold,

That

That Ocean ſway'd by this improving Art
Should join thoſe coaſts it's billows ſeem'd to part;
Bear the ſtupendous Bark in ſafety o'er,
And every produce waft to every ſhore;
Had talk'd of climes by future Navies croſs'd
From ſcenes of Arctic to Antarctic froſt,
And regions open'd to the aſtoniſh'd ſight
Beyond Imagination's wildeſt flight;
Such credit had he gain'd, as now would gain
The ſanguine votary from the ſneering train,
Whoſe hopes ſhould promiſe from the improv'd balloon
Planets explor'd, and Empires of the Moon.

Then while the ſons of GALLIA juſtly claim
The earlieſt trophies in this field of fame,
Shall ALBION's race with impotence of Pride
Not emulate their triumphs, but deride?

No!

No! while they candid own their Rivals here
Have ſtarted firſt in Glory's bright career,
Let generous ardor fire each kindred ſoul
To join their footſteps ere they reach the goal.
And while the Wealthy and the Great combine
United Patrons of this bold deſign,
The applauding Muſe her garlands ſhall beſtow
To crown the intrepid Youth's ſucceſsful brow,
Who firſt of BRITAIN's offspring dar'd to riſe
Upborne by native Genius to the ſkies,
New laurels rais'd on ISIS' learned plain,
And taught her oſier'd brink to rival SEINE.

ON THE

WRECK OF THE HALSEWELL.

A FRAGMENT.

NOW the loud winds with angry pinions
sweep
The laboring boſom of the ſtormy deep,
The face of day o'erſpread by vapors ſcowls,
And 'mid the ſhrowds the increaſing tempeſt howls,
O'er the tall maſt the giant ſurges riſe,
And a new Chaos mingles earth and ſkies;
Bold even in danger's face, the naval train
Exert their force, and try their art in vain;
Deſpair and Death on all their efforts lower,
And the loud tempeſt mocks their feeble power.

Large

Large and more large the threatening rocks appear,
And every billow brings their fate more near. –
Steep PURBECK's chalky cliffs, whoſe welcome ſight
So oft have fill'd the boſom with delight,
When, as from hoſtile coaſts and diſtant ſkies
The wave-worn mariner, returning, ſpies
Their well-known ſummits with exulting eyes,
Renews each ſcene with thoughts domeſtic dear,
And wets the cheek with joy's o'er raptur'd tear,
Now in the dreadful garb of terror dreſs'd
Freeze life's warm tide, and chill the ſhuddering breaſt;
And the lov'd ſhore that life, that freedom gave,
Now ſinks her ſons beneath the whelming wave.

So JASON's infant race, a ſuppliant train,
Around their frantic mother cling in vain,

Hang on the parent boſom that ſupplied
Their earlieſt nurture with it's milky tide;
On all their pangs ſhe ſmiles with ſavage joy,
And her own hands her hated race deſtroy.

Full on the ſhore the giddy veſſel drives,
And the rude ſhock her ſolid timbers rives,
The laſhing wave her batter'd planks divides,
And o'er her deck the ſea reſiſtleſs rides.—
Say ſhall no voice in pitying ſtrains relate
The hardy mariner's untimely fate,
Who oft BRITANNIA's ſtreaming flag unfurl'd
To the wild inmates of the Southern world,
Or with bold prow the hoſtile fleet explor'd
When louder than the ſurge the battle roar'd?
Yes! yes! to them the ſorrowing Muſe ſhall pay
The votive tribute of a mournful lay:

Yet while ſhe pours the unavailing tear
Some tranſient gleams the night of horror chear.
For ſcenes that frequent ſhapes of Death impart
Arm the firm breaſt, and ſteel the manly heart;
And he who oft has ſeen his ghaſtly form
Glare in the fight, and thunder in the ſtorm,
Will with bold arm his tyrant force engage,
And while he combats mitigates his rage.

Not ſuch the means to check the awful doom
When Youth and Beauty meet the watery tomb:
Where thoſe mild graces partial Nature gave
To ſooth the labors of the wiſe, and brave,
Soften'd by all that fond aſſiduous care
Which every boſom gives the young, and fair,
Each kind attention warm affection pays,
The Parent's fondneſs, and the Lover's praiſe,

Teach Senſibility's reſiſtleſs glow
To raiſe each fear, and double every woe.
Say how ſhall they, whoſe eye's averted ſight
Shrinks trembling from the phantom of affright,
While Art inventive ſkreens each lovely form
Or from the ſultry ray, or chilling ſtorm;
Say how ſhall they with gentle boſoms brave
The ruſhing torrent of the delug'd wave,
Where Death's pale ſhape in heighten'd terrors dreſs'd
Strikes icy horror through the firmeſt breaſt?

What language can deſcribe, what colors ſhew,
Each varied form of terror and of woe?—
With pallid features, and diſhevell'd hair,
In all the agony of dumb deſpair,
Here on the deck the wretched victim lies,
And views approaching death with lifted eyes.

Here

Here piercing cries drown'd by the ſounding main
Invoke an abſent mother's aid in vain.
Here ſtony fear arreſts the laboring breath,
And dread, anticipates the ſtroke of death.
This on the crew her eye attentive throws
To try if hope one diſtant ray beſtows.
And ſee ſupreme in ſorrow and diſtreſs
The wretched ſire his trembling daughters preſs,
Now down his cheeks the ſtreaming torrents roll,
And ſpeak the bitter anguiſh of his ſoul;
And now parental care his face beguiles,
And hides his heartfelt pangs in tranſient ſmiles,
Throws a faint ſunſhine o'er the brow of care,
And gilds with hope the horror of deſpair.—
Heavens!—that ſoul-piercing ſhriek!—the conflict's o'er,
Huſh'd are their cries, their boſoms beat no more;

Sad, ſilent, all, ſave where the wild winds urge
The ſullen fury of the heaving ſurge;
And, floating lifeleſs, ſee each beauteous form
Drives a pale corſe before the ruthleſs ſtorm.

Even the ſtern mariner whoſe doubtful hand
Juſt graſps the ſummit of the wiſh'd-for land,
While ſcarce his thoughts the ſenſe of ſafety know,
Eſcap'd from rocks above, and waves below,
Amid the conflict keen of hope and fear
Hears their laſt cries ſtill vibrate in his ear,
Feels their keen anguiſh 'midſt his deareſt ſtrife,
And mourns their ſufferings while he pants for life.

THE PARSONAGE IMPROVED.

A POEM.

I.

WHERE gentle DEVA's lucid waters glide
In ſlow meanders thro' the winding vale,
And fertile CESTRIA's paſtures green divide;
Deep in the boſom of a ſheltering dale
By uplands guarded from the wintry gale,
In ruſtic ſite a lowly village ſtands,
Not laid in form exact with artful ſcale,
But ſcatter'd wide by Chance's careleſs hands
'Mid woods, and breezy hills, and lawns, and fallow'd lands.

II.

II.

Here by the verdant margin of the flood
'Mid oſiers dank the humble cottage lies,
And here emerging from the bowering wood
From chimnies low the curling ſteams ariſe,
Here on the heath adorn'd with purple dyes
The open caſement drinks the ambroſial air,
While pointing boldly to the ambient ſkies,
The taper ſteeple marks the houſe of prayer,
Where to the holy rite the village race repair.

III.

Here erſt a ſimple fabric might you ſee,
The peaceful manſion of the Pariſh Prieſt:
Though unadorn'd with coſtly ſymmetry
No ſplendid portal woo'd the noble gueſt,
Yet from his lowly door the gentle breaſt

Was

Was never by unfeeling menace driven,
While Charity in robe of ermine dreſs'd
Beheld her ſcanty offerings freely given;
Nor ſhall her ſmalleſt boon eſcape the eye of heaven.

IV.

Though proud Magnificence with ſplendid arm
Had here no vaſt ſuperfluous pomp diſplay'd,
Yet Neatneſs was at hand with ſimpler charm,
And each domeſtic comfort lent it's aid.
Though no extended lawns, no foreſt-ſhade
Struck with aſtoniſhment the enchanted ſight,
Yet the ſmall ſpot in Beauty ſtood array'd,
Since all around by Huſbandry was dight,
For well ſuch cultur'd ſcenes the placid ſenſe delight.

V.

V.

Right to the golden ſun's meridian ray
Healthful, and gay, the chearful front was placed:
Where no Acanthus twin'd with mimic ſpray
To crown the column of CORINTHIAN taſte;
By the ſoft tendrils of the vine embraced
O'er the ſlop'd roof the vivid ſhoots extend,
Now with feſtoons of leaves luxuriant graced,
And now, as Autumn's ripening beams deſcend,
Loaded with ſwelling fruit, the purple cluſters bend.

VI.

A Garden trim was placed before the door
Kept by diurnal toil in neat array,
By walls defended from the inſults frore
Of BOREAS' blaſt, and EURUS' rude affray;

Againſt whoſe height leant many a tender ſpray,
Where the ripe fruits in bluſhing order glow,
Matur'd by genial SOL's reflected ray:
Nor did their ſides unwelcome walk beſtow
When though the ſun be bright, right keen the winds might blow.

VII.

The gravel'd paths by rule exact deſign'd
In equal parts the cultur'd plot divide,
Where culinary plants of various kind
From every eye the thick eſpaliers hide,
Beneath, the border deck'd with FLORA's pride
Exhibits to the view unnumber'd dyes,
Where in ſucceſſion through each changing tide
Attentive art the varying plants ſupplies,
Still to enchant the ſmell, and faſcinate the eyes.

VIII.

VIII.

Here venturing on the verge of Winter's power
The Snowdrop, Aconite, and Crocus grow,
The pallid Primroſe hails the vernal hour,
And humbly ſweet the azure Violets blow,
The Lilies of the vale their fragrance throw,
In meretricious pride the Tulip blooms,
Their gaudy pomp the rich Carnations ſhow,
And, o'er the reſt who regal power aſſumes,
The Roſier's fragrant bud the paſſing gale perfumes.

IX.

Nor did POMONA's treaſure leſs abound
Alternate as the months their power diſplay;
Here crept the fragrant Strawberry on the ground,
Or wav'd the Cherry on the loaded ſpray,

Here glow'd the Nectarine in the Summer ray,
Here ſwell'd the Peach all-tempting to the view,
Nor was the Gooſeberry's meaner fruit away,
Or Currant red or rich in golden hue,
Or Pear with ſugar'd juice, or Plum of gloſſy blue.

X.

Nor will the Muſe diſdain with curious eye,
Beyond the thick eſpalier's verdant ſkreen,
Amid the vegetable tribes to pry
That ſpread their ſhoots the bordering paths between;
Salubrious viands for the board I ween!—
With various dainties was the ground o'erſpread,
The Cabbage yellow, and the Colewort green,
The Aſparagus that ſprings in lowly bed,
And Artichokes that rear aloft the ſpiny head.

XI.

XI.

The Bean whoſe perfume ſcents the ambient ſkies,
The twining Pea, the Turnip's juicy root,
The Celery that winter's blaſt defies,
The Radiſh warm, the Carrot's vigorous ſhoot,
The rich Potatoe fam'd IERNE's fruit
Sacred to VENUS in the genial hour,
The Leek whoſe ſteams the haſty CAMBRIAN ſuit,
With ample head the ſwelling Cauliflower,
And Lettuce friendly deem'd to MORPHEUS' drowſy power.

XII.

An Orchard too adjoin'd whoſe vernal hue
Might ſhame the coſtly ſhrubbery's proudeſt dyes,
Whoſe daiſy'd ſod delights the roving view,
And paſture to the gentle ſteed ſupplies;

While

While the bland influence of Autumnal ſkies
Ripen'd the ruddy fruit of general uſe,
Either to crown the board with luſcious pies,
Or bid the goblet ſmile with mantling juice,
Bright as the generous wines that Southern climes
produce.

XIII.

Nor was there wanting ornamental care,
The Arbor, ſeat of Summer jollity,
Where Eglantines perfum'd the evening air,
And Woodbines ſweet, and Jaſmins fair to ſee;
Here ſometimes from each ſcene of tumult free
Would Contemplation lift her eye divine,
And ſometimes Mirth excite to ſocial glee,
While bright with amber hue the beer would
ſhine,
Or bluſh the cryſtal cup with LUSITANIA's wine.

XIV.

Should vagrant Fancy tempt the foot to ſtray
Beyond the Garden's or the Orchard's bound,
Through green incloſures led the winding way
Which the live fence, and leafy hedge-row mound;
While gently gliding through the enamell'd ground
A ſilver ſtream with placid current flows,
Whoſe ſhelving bank with vivid alders crown'd
A ſite convenient to the Angler ſhews
While the deluſive fly with ſkilful hand he throws.

XV.

Pleas'd and contented with his calm abode
The reverend Paſtor liv'd in quiet ſtate,
The path heaven mark'd he unrepining trod,
Lov'd by the Poor, reſpected by the Great:

The Harpy Envy, and the Fury Hate,
Far from his gentle flock he drove away,
Till bent at length by Time's increaſing weight
His failing powers with gradual lapſe decay,
Secure in happier climes to bloom again for aye.

XVI.

From thoſe fair ſeats by Isis' ſedgy ſide
Where Rhedecyna rears her hundred ſpires,
His holy Succeſſor is ſoon ſupplied.
His beating boſom ſwells with new deſires;
For by the bleſt attainment he acquires
A right from monkiſh cloiſters to remove,
Light a pure flame at Wedlock's ſacred fires,
And all the ſcenes of untried rapture prove,
Which crown the myſtic couch of Hymeneal Love.

XVII.

With eager haſte he ſeeks his new abode,
Keen Hope anticipating each delight;
But o'er the little Empire as he ſtrode
It's vulgar Beauties fade upon his ſight,
For forms of elegance had charm'd his ſprite.
The alley trim offends his nicer taſte,
And each compartment rang'd in angles right,
Nor can he ſee by Huſbandry debas'd
Nature's imperial mien with ſimple Beauty graced.

XVIII.

Much in his mind he bore each lovely ſeat
That fair Oxonia's neighbouring plains diſplay,
How would his raptur'd heart with tranſports beat
Through ſhady Ditchley's ſpreading groves to ſtray,

Or

Or as on NUNEHAM's breezy heights he lay
To view the bending ſtream of ISIS flow
Through meadows rich in all the pride of MAY,
Or pace the poliſh'd ſcenes of princely STOWE,
Or fill his ſated eye on BLENHEIM's towery brow.

XIX.

Nor need he wander from the MUSES ſhade
To view improving taſte's progreſſive power:
No more in knots by ſkill capricious laid
Does tonſile box ſage WICKHAM's arms em-
bower.—
Where pious LAUD deſign'd the hallow'd tower
Throws Art her veſture with a chaſter hand;
While, welcome refuge from the ſultry hour!
By cooling gales with gentle pinions fann'd
MERTON's delightful groves with gloomy foliage
ſtand.

XX.

Here MA'DLEN too her ſplendid dome ſurveys,
Or venerable ſhade, in CHERWELL's ſtream.—
O witching Memory aſſiſt my lays,
And ſteep my ſenſes in thy ſoothing dream!
Here wandering oft by CYNTHIA's ſilver beam
My youthful Fancy woo'd the ſacred Nine,
Or plied by midnight lamp the graver theme,
Or joy'd with Mirth's convivial ſons to join,
Or paid the fervent vow at Friendſhip's holy ſhrine.

XXI.

While thus the powers of Elegance unfold
Their Faery viſions to his dazzled view,
With ſcorn his eyes the homely ſpot behold;—
Anxious the ſteps of Nature to purſue,

On humbler ſcale his eager thoughts renew
Whate'er the ſons of genuine taſte admire,
Whate'er the hands of BROWN and SHENSTONE drew,
Or WHEATLEY's ſober diction could inſpire,
Or wak'd the ſounding ſtrings of MASON's heavenly Lyre.

XXII.

Now the ſtrong laborer with repeated blow
Each old incumbring ornament aſſails,
The guardian wall, it's ſheltering height laid low
Admits the Fury of the eaſtern gales.—
Ah! what it's ſtrength the buttreſs now avails
That ſafely kept the garden's flowery ſcene!—
Spreads the ſlight fence it's ineffectual rails
Painted by curious Art of duſky green,
Where oft the ſportful lambs, deſtructive creep between.

XXIII.

The eſpaliers thick with bluſhing fruitage gay,
The flowing border ſtretch'd with careful line,
The vegetable viands, all give way,
And low their heads the orchard-trees recline;
While ſpread abroad with uniform deſign
The unvaried graſs-plot dank extends around
Chequer'd with ragged clumps of ſombre pine,
And ſinks the deep Haha it's ſubtle mound,
That nothing from the plain the garden ſcene may bound.

XXIV.

Cloſe by the border winds with tortur'd courſe
The gravel'd path it's undulating way,
Where evergreens that mock ſtern winter's force,
And flowering ſhrubs their different dyes diſplay.

The

The Cypreſs dark, the Lilac's barren ſpray,
Succeed each uſeful plant's ſuperior blow,
And as the owner's eyes the work ſurvey
He ſees with joy each fair improvement grow,
And deems his little reign a BLENHEIM or a STOWE.

XXV.

Now iſſuing from the garden to the fields
As Taſte capricious bares her active arm,
It's leafy ſhade the lofty Hedgerow yields,
And quits the lofty fence it's fragrant charm:
Nought can it's vernal ſweets the ſtroke diſarm,
Low on the earth it's blooming glory lies,
Where erſt the pathway ſhelter'd lay and warm,
And o'er the ſcene the ſcatter'd clumps ariſe
No guard from wintry winds, no ſhade from ſultry ſkies.

XXVI.

XXVI.

The brook that gently through the level meads
As Nature's hand directed us'd to wind,
Obedient follows now as Faſhion leads
In curves is tortur'd, or in lakes confin'd;
While to the hands of Induſtry conſign'd
No more the bending oſiers kiſs the tide,
Where oft the ſilent fiſher lay reclin'd;
And from the force of Sol's meridian pride
The Naiad tries in vain her throbbing breaſt to hide.

XXVII.

The work compleated, now ſurvey the ſcene
Rich in the dreſs of ornamental Taſte,
Each uſeful plant of humbler homelier green
By barren elegance is now replaced,

While

While as if ſeated on the open waſte
Unſhelter'd, uninclos'd the houſe appears:
And by no Arts of Huſbandry debas'd,
The frequent weed uncheck'd it's offspring rears,
And the rude common's garb the ſcanty paddock wears.

XXVIII.

Wanting the Scythe that each returning dawn
Rank Vegetation's progreſs ſhould correct,
Unſightly tufts deform the graſſy lawn,
Nor can the corded fence the ſhrubs protect.
Oft will the Shepherd Boy his charge neglect
And crouding Flocks the riſing clumps invade,
Oft 'mid the paths by care domeſtic deck'd
The ſteed's unſeemly ordure will be laid,
And oft the ſwine obſcene uproot the verdant glade.

XXIX.

XXIX.

And here perchance, bending his beetled brow,
Some angry Critic ſcornful ſhall exclaim:
'What GOTHIC Wight is this, who dares avow
'To ſcorn of BRITISH Arts the faireſt name,
'Who wiſhes to recall with Idiot aim
'What Elegance has baniſh'd from our ſhore,
'Would blaſt the rural wreath of ALBION's fame
'The ancient forms of Folly to reſtore,
'And bid the ſpruce Parterre uſurp her ſeats once
'more?'

XXX.

Far be ſuch blame! no BRITON's eye can ſee
With greater joy the rural taſte ariſe,
Spread wide in native pomp the untortur'd tree,
And the plain turf ſucceed the tulips dyes,

As Nature boon her ſimple charm ſupplies
Dreſs'd by the hand of Cultivation fair,
Where Art alone the curious eye deſcries
By ſhining every lawn with neater air,
The ſod's more gloſſy green, the gardener's nicer
care.

XXXI.

When Grandeur ſpreads around the extended park
Let laviſh Nature plan the bold deſign,
The poliſh'd culture ſhall the boundary mark,
And graced, not cramp'd by Art, the Work ſhall
ſhine:
No need the rule, the level, and the line,
Should 'midſt the ſhades intrude with formal mien,
The ſplendid walk, the verdant carpet fine,
The contraſt bright of variegated green,
Shall ſhew that artful care has form'd the extenſive
ſcene.

XXXII.

XXXII.

But when ſcant Fortune checks this flattering joy,
Nor gives to ornament the rural reign,
Why the trim Garden's lowlier charms deſtroy?—
Why Huſbandry's more homely cares diſdain?—
If Induſtry with her aſſiduous train
With ſtep reluctant from the ſpot recedes,
What features ſhall diſtinguiſh Taſte's domain
From the expanſe of paſtures, and of meads,
But Culture's looſer robe, and more luxuriant weeds?

SIX

SIX OLYMPIC

ODES

OF

PINDAR.

BEING THOSE OMITTED BY MR. WEST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK, WITH NOTES.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXV.

PREFACE.

THE following tranſlations were firſt publiſhed in the year 1775, and I had then ſome idea of proceeding with the reſt of PINDAR's Odes, that had been omitted by Mr. WEST. But my attention being called for ſome time to other objects, and a compleat tranſlation of the PYTHIAN, NEMEAN, and ISTHMIAN Odes, being publiſhed by Mr. BURNABY GREENE, I gave up the deſign.

Tranſlations of the ancient Poets, if faithfully executed, and the connexion and arrangement of their thoughts properly preſerved, are undoubtedly of uſe even to the learned Reader. The Author of POLYMETIS declares, that he never perfectly underſtood the Satires and Epiſtles of HORACE, till he read Mr. POPE's imitations of them. How neceſſary then muſt ſuch an aſſiſtance be to the explanation of a Poet, of all others the moſt daring in his flights; and whoſe meaning has been ſo much perplexed by fanciful, and taſteleſs Commentators.

Of my own attempt I ſhall only ſay, that I have ſtudiouſly endeavored to give the ſenſe of the Original as exactly as poſſible; not taking too great liberty in paraphraſing on one hand, nor on the other, ſuffering the Spirit of the Poet to eſcape me, by adhering too cloſely to his Letter. I have added Notes on ſome obſcure, and on ſome ſtriking paſſages, which I have thrown together at the end of each Ode, and which Arrangement I muſt here defend, as it was cenſured by the Critical Reviewer, whoſe candid obſervations on the tranſlation in general, demand my acknowledgment. If the attention of the Reader is to be called off at all, from the peruſal of the text by typographical marks, I readily agree that his eye had better be drawn to the bottom of the page, than to be obliged to ſeek what it wants in another place. But I think it much better that the attention given to the general tenor of the Ode, ſhould not be interrupted at all; and this end is fully effected, by the Notes only referring to the number of the verſe, without encumbering the text with either mark, or figure; which, to judge by what happens to myſelf, will attract notice in ſpite of the firmeſt reſolution to the contrary. I cannot explain my Ideas on this ſubject better, than in the words of Mr. SPENCE, which I have before alluded to. 'I uſed,' he ſays, 'to be perpetually

'conſulting

'conſulting my notes: and before I left School, 'could have given you three or four different 'meanings for moſt of the difficult paſſages in 'VIRGIL, HORACE, or JUVENAL, and perhaps 'twenty, for ſome in PERSIUS. This way of 'ſtudying, by drawing your eye off (at every line 'almoſt) to the ſide lights, inſtead of keeping it 'ſteady upon the proper object you ought to 'view, makes one often forget the real intention 'of the Author; and almoſt loſes the thread of 'his thoughts, and the connexion of the whole 'piece.' POLYMETES, Dial. XVII.

As to the frequent digreſſions of the Poet, they are very juſtly accounted for by Mr. WEST in his Preface, and certainly aroſe more from neceſſity than choice. For as he was obliged to take notice of the particular actions of his Patrons, whoſe exploits he was paid for celebrating, ſo it was abſolutely neceſſary for him to avoid diſguſting the reſt of his audience by the ſameneſs of the ſubject; and to do this, he was forced to introduce ſuch popular ſtories and anecdotes, as he could by any means connect with the Country or Family of the Conquerors, who moſt of them boaſted a deſcent from ſome of the Heroes, and Demi-gods of the fabulous ages.

As the ſituation of a Poet Laureat is ſomething ſimilar to that of our ancient Lyric Poet, might

not our Birth Day Odes be rendered more intereſting to the Public, by interweaving ſome of the popular ſtories which may be found in our annals, with the uſual compliments of the Day? I think ſomething of this kind was attempted by Mr. WHITEHEAD. An idea of this nature in the hands of our preſent Laureat, might render thoſe periodical productions not only a claſſical entertainment for the preſent time, but a permanent and valuable acquiſition to poſterity.

THE

THE FOURTH

OLYMPIC ODE.

To PSAUMIS of CAMARINA, on his Victory in the Chariot Race.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet, after an invocation to JUPITER, *extols* PSAUMIS *for his Victory in the Chariot Race, and for his deſire to honor his country. From thence he takes occaſion to praiſe him for his ſkill in managing horſes, his hoſpitality, and his love of peace; and, mentioning the hiſtory of* ERGINUS, *excuſes the early whiteneſs of his hair.*

STROPHE.

GREAT JOVE! ſupreme immortal King!
Borne on the unwearied thunder's wing;
Again thy hours that roll along
Reſponſive to the varied ſong,

Awake my Lyre, and ſend me forth
A witneſs of heroic worth.
The Virtuous in a Friend's ſucceſs rejoice,
And join the applauding Herald's chearful voice.—
O ſon of Saturn! who on Ætna's brow,
The woody load of Typhon's giant breaſt,
Holdeſt thy high abode; the Graces now
Invite thee to aſſiſt the Strain, addreſs'd
To greet the Victor in the Olympic ſtrife;
Of every virtuous deed, the luſtre, and the life.

ANTISTROPHE.

On his proud Car triumphant placed,
His brows with Pisa's Olive graced,
Lo Psaumis comes! the Shores around
Fair Camarina's Praiſe reſound;
For to his own illuſtrious name
The Patriot joins his Country's Fame.

O may the immortal Gods propitious hear
His future vows, and grant each pious prayer!
Well is he ſkill'd to train the generous Steed,
Fair Plenty crowns his hoſpitable gate,
With breaſt ſincere he courts the placid meed
Of ſmiling Peace, beſt Guardian of the State.
No hues fallacious tinge my honeſt lay,
Experience to the world will every truth diſplay.

EPODE.

This from the LEMNIAN Dames' diſgrace
Freed * CLYMENUS' victorious ſon,
When, clad in brazen arms, the race
With active limbs the Hero won,
And, taking from HYPSIPYLE the Crown,
He thus the royal Maid addreſs'd:
Behold the Man! nor great in ſpeed alone!
My hand unvanquiſh'd, undiſmay'd my breaſt.

* Erginus.

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* Erginus.

Theſe Silver Treſſes, lo! are ſpread
Untimely, on a youthful Head;
For oft capricious Nature's Rage
Gives to the vigorous Brow, the hoary Tint of Age.

NOTES.

PSAUMIS of CAMARINA was, according to the Scholiaſt, the ſon of ACRON; and got the Victory in the Chariot Race in the eighty-ſecond Olympiad, about the time that ROME was governed by the DECEMVIRI. CAMARINA was a city of SICILY, now called CAMARANA.

Ver. 2. *Borne on the unwearied thunder's wing.*] I find the word Ἐλατὴς rendered in moſt of the LATIN interpretations *vibrator*, or *impulſor*. And in SUDORIUS's Poetical Verſion, printed at the end of the OXFORD PINDAR, it is thus tranſlated:

O qui coruſcâ fulgura dexterâ
Fulmenque torques.——

The word Ἐλατὴς in this ſenſe, when connected with ἀχαμαντόποδος, ſtrikes me, as occaſioning a confuſion of images; but, by conſidering it as derived from a very uſual ſenſe of Ἐλαύνω, viz. *equito*, this confuſion is removed. My opinion is favored by the elder Scholiaſt, who ſays, τὴν βροντὴν ὁ Πίνδαρος ὡς ἵππον ὑφίσαῖαι τῷ Διὸς, διὸ καὶ ἀχαμαντόποδα αὐτὴν εἶπεν: and the more modern Scholiaſt, though he afterwards rather inclines to the other interpretation, ſays firſt, Ἐλατὴς ὑπέρλαῖε βροντᾶς· ὡς ἐπὶ ἵππῳ χρῆται τῷ λόγῳ.

HORACE

HORACE uſes the ſame image:

———Per cœlum tonantes
Egit Equos volucremque currum.

And the Supreme Being is deſcribed in the ſame manner by the PSALMIST: 'Who maketh the Clouds his Chariot, 'and walketh upon the wings of the wind.' Pſalm civ. ver. 3.

Ver. 28. *Experience to the world will every truth diſplay.*] I own this tranſition ſeems to me the moſt abrupt and confuſed of any in PINDAR; and the ſtory of ERGINUS appears to be brought in without any apparent reaſon, as the Poet himſelf makes no mention of PSAUMIS's grey hairs, though all his Scholiaſts and Commentators do.

Ver. 33.———HYPSIPYLE——] She was daughter of THOAS, King of LEMNOS, and inſtituted Funeral Games in honor of her father, to which the ARGONAUTS were invited; amongſt whom was ERGINUS, the ſon of CLYMENUS, who, having white hair, was ridiculed by the LEMNIAN women, as unfit to contend for the prize; but beating ZETUS and CALAIS, ſons of BOREAS, in the race, their contempt was changed into admiration.

This is the uſual interpretation of the paſſage; but the Monthly Reviewers ſuggeſt an idea that the Original

Λαμνιάδων γυναικῶν
Ἕλυσιν ἐξ ἀτιμίας,

alludes to the effeminate life the ARGONAUTS lived among the women of LEMNOS, where they ſtopped on their return from their Expedition to COLCHIS; and which intepretation it will certainly juſtify. I have therefore now made my tranſlation correſpond with the Original as nearly as poſſible. Indeed there is nothing a Tranſlator ſhould more carefully guard againſt, than the being induced to deviate from the plain ſenſe of his Author, to adopt the fanciful ideas

ideas of Commentators, and to introduce into the Text words perhaps totally inconſiſtent with his real intention. So in the beginning of the ſecond Pythian Ode, Sudorius, having found in the Scholia that Syracuse was compoſed of four Cities joined together, renders the words

Μιξαπόλις ὦ Συρά-
κοσαι,———

Quattuor ſectæ Syracuſæ *in urbes.*

and deſtroys the ſublimity of the paſſage by deſcending to particulars.

THE

THE SIXTH

OLYMPIC ODE.

To AGESIAS of SYRACUSE, on his Victory gained by the Apené, or Chariot drawn by Mules.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet, after comparing the opening of his Ode to the beautiful portico of a palace built by a ſkilful Architect, celebrates AGESIAS *on account of his* OLYMPIC *Victory, his being Guardian of the Altar of* JUPITER, *and being admitted to the rights of a Citizen at* SYRACUSE; *and from theſe circumſtances compares him to* AMPHIARAUS. *Then he mentions his anceſtors; and ſpeaking of* PITANA *and* EVADNE, *has a long digreſſion on the birth of* IAMUS. *The Poet then returns to* AGESIAS, *and declares himſelf to be in ſome meaſure of the ſame country; and exhorts* ÆNEAS, *the Leader of the Chorus, to exert himſelf; directing him to celebrate* AGESIAS, *for his being an inhabitant of* SICILY, *and for his friendſhip with* HIERO, *King*

King of SYRACUSE; *and, congratulating him on his good fortune in having two countries, concludes with a Prayer to* NEPTUNE *for his proſperity.*

STROPHE I.

THE ſkilful Architect whoſe dædal hand
Contrives the far-reſplendent dome to raiſe,
Bids the bright porch on ſhapely columns ſtand,
That rich with gold and poliſh'd marble, blaze.—
So we ſuperbly pour along
In conſcious dignity the opening Song.
To him OLYMPIA's Wreath who wears,
Who guards the Thunderer's ſacred Fane,
And every ſocial bleſſing ſhares,
With SYRACUSA's happy train;
Each friendly voice ſhall notes of triumph blow,
And each unenvious hand, a votive Wreath beſtow.

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE I.

In this thrice-honor'd State by fortune placed
The happy ſon of SOSTRATUS behold!
Nor is the Warrior, or the Seaman graced
Till Danger and till Toil their worth unfold.
But Fame's eternal Pæans wait
The virtuous labors of the brave and great.—
To thee, AGESIAS, ſhall belong
Thoſe genuine Praiſes, which of old
ADRASTUS with no flattering tongue
On AMPHIARAUS, ſacred Seer! beſtow'd:
What time the fatal earth with yawning womb,
Him and his fiery ſteeds clos'd living in the tomb.

EPODE I.

Now ſeven funeral pyres begun
To ſhed a lurid blaze around,
When * TALAUS' ſorrowing ſon
Pour'd to the THEBAN hoſt this mournful ſound:

* Adraſtus.

'O how I languiſh to behold
'The braveſt of my warrior train,
'Who Fate's eternal myſteries can unfold,
'Or ſpread deſtruction o'er the embattled plain!
To him, the Syracusan Youth belong
Such praiſe, to whom I tune the Olympic Song.
No Son of Diſcord, I proclaim
His Worths, his Triumphs are the ſame:
And with an oath confirm the unerring ſtrain,
Form'd by the favoring help of all Aonia's train.

STROPHE II.

Come then, O Phintis! to the ſhining Car
With ſpeed, with ſpeed, the rapid Courſers join;
That whirling o'er the pureſt paths afar
We reach his Anceſtor's high-honor'd line.
Above the reſt my Courſers know
When Pisa's Olive decks the Hero's brow,

To bear him o'er the ſounding road
Where, far from dark oblivion's cell,
Bright Honor holds her high abode,
And Fame and Glory ever dwell.
Now wide the Gates of Harmony diſplay,
For to EUROTA's ſhores I guide the ſounding Lay.

ANTISTROPHE II.

To fair PITANA ſing, who whilom bore
EVADNE, beauteous in her hair that flows.
Compreſs'd by NEPTUNE on the ſilent ſhore,
With ſtricteſt care ſhe hid her virgin throes;
But when the circling moons her pain
Maturely brought, ſhe bade her female train,
To ÆPYTUS' parental hands
With ſilent care the Child convey;
PHASANA's turrets who commands,
Where ALPHEUS pours his ſilver-winding way:

On whoſe enamell'd banks ſhe learn'd to prove,
In great Apollo's arms, the bluſhing Rites of Love.

EPODE II.

As o'er Heaven's eternal field
Roll'd the hours in circling pace,
Time to Æpytus reveal'd
The produce of the ſtolen embrace;
Now to Pytho's ſacred Shrine
Eager the anxious Monarch goes,
To liſtening Phœbus and the powers divine
The impious deed impatient to diſcloſe.
Mean time her zone with purple texture graced
Beſide the ſilver urn Evadne placed
Veil'd by the bow'ring grove from ſight,
And gave the heaven-born child to light,

While on his birth the * God with golden hair
Invokes the auſpicious Fates, and chaſte LUCINA's care.

STROPHE III.

Not long, IAMUS, on the lonely glade
Unnoticed, unprotected, didſt thou lie:—
For by the Gods command, lo through the ſhade!
Two watchful Dragons dart with azure eye,
And from the Bees tranſparent hoard
Thy little breaſt with dulcet nurture ſtor'd.
And now by rocky PYTHO taught
The wandering King, return'd again,
From all his train domeſtic ſought
The fruit of fair EVADNE's pain;
For ſhining PHŒBUS from his ſacred Shrine
Proclaim'd EVADNE's Love, and own'd the Boy divine.

* Apollo.

ANTISTROPHE III.

And openly declar'd his future worth
Above mankind in myſtic lore ſhould ſhine,
And ne'er be wanting in the happy birth
Of glorious ſons.—Thus ſpake the voice divine!
Five days were paſs'd the mother's pain,
Unfound the Infant by the careful train.
Far from the reach of every eye,
Deep in the irriguous ruſhes laid,
While purple violets growing by,
With dewy leaves his body ſhade:
His mother's voice at length the place proclaim'd,
And from his fragrant couch the heavenly Infant named.

EPODE III.

As the gently circling hours
Still their foſtering influence ſhed,
And opening Manhood's roſeate flowers
Kindly crown'd his blooming head;

Deſcending

Deſcending then to ALPHEUS' ſhores,
While round his head the night-winds blow,
He calls the God who rules where OCEAN roars,
And PHŒBUS dreadful with his ſilver bow:
Deſiring public Fame, and fair Renown,
Might with their verdant Wreaths his Temples crown.—
Soon each paternal voice divine
Own'd him as ſprung from Heavenly Line;
'Riſe, Son, and this propitious ſound purſue,
'Till PISA's crowded plains riſe to thy raptur'd 'view.'

STROPHE IV.

The Hero ſtraight the voice obey'd; and now
CRONIUS, thy cliffs and rocky heights they ſcale;
There the kind Gods the twofold Art beſtow
Of AUGURY, that never knew to fail;

There, many a dreadful labor done,
At length when great Alcmena's Son
Arriv'd, and bade the awful Shrine
Sacred to potent Jove ariſe,
And firſt began thoſe Rites divine,
Where Courage wins the Olympic Prize;
He rais'd the crouded Fane's prophetic fame,
Whilſt Grecia's ſhouting Sons Iamus' Worth
proclaim.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Hence endleſs Fame, and happy Fortunes wait
On the Iamidæ's exulting race.—
Thoſe who in Virtue's rugged ways are great
The moſt conſpicuous paths of life ſhall grace,
Still glorious deeds the Hero ſpeak
Though Envy burſt her venom'd cheek,

And

And teach her offspring to deſpiſe
The Man, on PISA's trophied plain
Whoſe Courſers know the OLYMPIC Prize
In the twelve-turn'd Courſe to gain.—
Grateful, AGESIAS! to the powers divine
Were all the fervent vows of thy maternal line.

EPODE IV.

Who beneath the ſacred ſhade
Which CYLLENE's mountains ſhed,
Honors due for ever paid
To HERMES' venerable head;
To him who cleaves the yielding ſkies,
The Herald of the ethereal train,
Who in the OLYMPIC ſtrife appoints the prize,
And guards ARCADIA's happy-peopled plain.
He and his thundering Sire to thee decreed,
O ſon of SOSTRATUS! the glorious meed.—

A ſudden thought I raptur'd feel,
Which, as the whetſtone points the ſteel,
Brightens my ſenſe, and bids me warbling raiſe
To the ſoft-breathing flute, the kindred notes of praiſe.

STROPHE V.

From fair Arcadia too my line I bring,
From Stymphalus the bright Metopa came,
Mother of warlike Thebes, whoſe ſilver ſpring
I drink, and votive ſongs of triumph frame.
Bid your compeers now Æneas raiſe
Their voices to Parthenian Juno's praiſe;
Then ſhall be known if we avoid
The long-borne Adage of Diſgrace
Which ancient Malice has employ'd
To ſtigmatiſe Bœotia's race;

To

To thee the ſecrets of the MUSE belong,
And well thou know'ſt to guide the far-reſounding
ſong.

ANTISTROPHE V.

To SYRACUSA's and ORTYGIA's praiſe,
Tell them aloud to ſwell the exulting ſtrain;
Whoſe plains with blameleſs ſceptre HIERO ſways,
Performing ſacred Rites to CERES' Fane,
To her lov'd Daughter, PLUTO's Love,
And him the King of Gods, ÆTNEAN JOVE.
Him the ſounding Lyre, and Song,
Know, and honor as their friend;
Ne'er may time that rolls along
To his bleſſings give an end,
Still may he, Fortune's friend, with chearful
voice
In bold AGESIAS' worth, and votive hymns rejoice.

EPODE V.

STYMPHALUS' maternal walls,
And ARCADIA's fleecy glades
Leaving:—here his fortune calls
To SICILIA's fragrant ſhades;
Either country claims him now;—
When the midnight tempeſts roar,
And raging loud the ſtormy whirlwinds blow,
Two anchors beſt the ſhatter'd veſſel moor.
On each may Heaven it's guardian care beſtow!—
And thou who rul'ſt where Ocean's torrents flow,
AMPHITRITE's honor'd mate,
Through the rocks and ſhoals of Fate
Propitious guide AGESIAS' bark along,
And grace with livelier flowers my rapture-breathing Song.

NOTES.

AGESIAS, the ſon of SOSTRATUS, is ſometimes called of SYRACUSE, ſometimes of STYMPHALUS, a city of ARCADIA; and the opinion of moſt of the Commentators ſeems to be, that, of his father's ſide, he was a SYRACUSAN, of his mother's an ARCADIAN: but from the tenor of the Ode itſelf, I rather incline to think he was a native of STYMPHALUS, and afterwards inhabited SYRACUSE: moſt likely drawn thither by the friendſhip of HIERO; and this idea I have followed in my tranſlation. Συνοικιστὴρ τε τᾶν κλεινᾶν Συρακόσσαν, ſeems, I think, to intimate his being admitted to a participation of the rights of the SYRACUSANS, rather than his being a Citizen himſelf. And where the Poet makes uſe of the expreſſion μάτρωες ἄνδρες, it may only mean that his maternal anceſtors lived in the part of ARCADIA contiguous to the mountain CYLLENE, and were Prieſts of MERCURY. But I can ſee no reaſon to infer from this that his paternal anceſtors were not ARCADIANS; or to imagine from any other part of the Ode, that they were inhabitants of SICILY. One of the GREEKS who accompanied the younger CYRUS in his expedition, near a century after this, was of the ſame name and country, and is often mentioned by XENOPHON, who had a particular friendſhip for him.

Mr. WEST, in his learned Diſſertation on the OLYMPIC Games, gives the following account of the ἁπήνη. 'The 'Apené was a chariot drawn by two mules, after the man-'ner of the SYNORIS *, as PAUSANIAS tells us; and was 'introduced into the OLYMPIC Games by one ASANDRAS-'TUS, as we learn from PINDAR's Scholiaſt. I have called 'it a Chariot, though if it reſembled the Apené deſcribed 'by HOMER in the 24th Iliad, it ſhould more propetly be

* The Synoris was a Chariot drawn by two full-aged horſes.

'called

'called a Waggon: and indeed that account of it agrees 'beſt with what PAUSANIAS ſays, who obſerves, that the 'race of the Apené could pretend to neither antiquity, 'nor beauty; and that mules were held in ſuch abomina-'tion by the ELEANS, that they permitted none of thoſe 'animals to be bred in their country.'

Ver. 13. *In this thrice-honor'd ſtate by fortune placed—*] The originial is

Ἴσω γὰρ ἐν τύτῳ πιδί-
λῳ δαιμόνιον πόδ' ἔχων.

To ſtand in a perſon's ſhoes, is a well-known ENGLISH proverbial expreſſion. This is a ſtriking inſtance of the different genius of languages; what is ſublime in the GREEK, would be the height of ridicule in ENGLISH.

Ver. 21. ADRASTUS *with no flattering tongue*
On AMPHIARAUS, *ſacred Seer! beſtow'd.*]

ADRASTUS, ſon of TALAUS, was King of the ARGIVES: POLYNICES, ſon of OEDIPUS, married his daughter; who being killed, ADRASTUS made war with the THEBANS in behalf of his ſon THERSANDER; where he loſt a battle before each of the ſeven gates of the city; and being unable to recover the dead bodies of his ſoldiers, he applied to THESEUS, who prevailed on the THEBANS to permit him to erect a funeral pile before each gate. AMPHIARAUS, ſon of OICLEUS, was a celebrated Augur, that accompanied him, and was ſwallowed up by the earth, at the command of JUPITER.

——— ὁ δ' Ἀμφιάρῃ
Σχίσεν κεραυνῷ παμβίᾳ
Ζεὺς, τὰν βαθύστερνον χθόνα.
Κρύψεν δ' ἅμ ἵπποις. Nem. ix. 57.

Ver.

Ver. 29. *O how I languiſh to behold*
The braveſt of my warrior train.]

In the original it is,

Ποθέω φρατιᾶς
Ὀφθαλμὸν ἐμᾶς——

So PINDAR, ſpeaking of the anceſtors of THERON, ſays,

——Σικελίας τ' ἔσαν
Ὀφθαλμὸς—— Olymp. II. 17.

Ver. 39. *Come then, O* PHINTIS——] Φίντις, Doricè for Φίλτις, anima. I have choſen to keep the GREEK word as a proper name. SUDORIUS does the ſame in the LATIN verſion, only he puts PHILTIS.

Junge ſed promptos mihi jam jugales
Philtis.——

Ver. 54.——*virgin throes.*] In the original, παρθενίαν ὠδῖνα. The Scholiaſt ſays, Παρθένιοι δὲ λέγονται παῖδες, οἱ κρύφα τικτόμενοι τῶν νομιζόμενων παρθένων εἶναι. Thoſe ſecretly produced by reputed Virgins, are called Maiden Children.

Ver. 72. *Her zone with purple texture graced*
Beſide the ſilver urn EVADNE *placed*—]

I am obliged to Mr. BURNABY GREENE for an explanation of this paſſage, which he obligingly communicated to me through my Bookſeller, and which he has inſerted in the Appendix to his tranſlation of PINDAR. I will give it in his own words, as I have the emendation of the verſe, as nearly as the meaſure of my Stanza would admit. 'The 'zone according to Dr. POTTER, was not only worn by 'Virgins, but by Women after marriage, as a ſecurity 'againſt the inſults of men; and this zone was untied in 'child-birth.' *Potter's Grec. Antiq.* Vol. II. p. 292. No 'ſooner was the child brought into the world, than it was 'waſhed with water. *Ibid.* p. 325. It muſt therefore be 'concluded,

'concluded, that a woman in child-birth was always pre-
'pared with an Urn, or Veſſel, which contained the water
'appropriated to the foregoing purpoſe.'

The paraphraſe of this paſſage in the OXFORD PINDAR is as follows:—'Atque interim illa, ſolutâ virgineâ zonâ, 'parturiendo prævias prænunciaſque aquas, & ſanguinem 'cum fœtu fundens,' &c.—Another Commentator ſays, 'Eſt autem *verecunda* partûs Deſcriptio, ἀργυρέα κάλπις, 'Argentea Amphora, eſt aqua fœtum præcurrens, zona 'φοινικόχροος eſt ſanguineus humor, & involucrum in quo 'fœtus uterum maternum egreditur.' I am at a loſs which to admire moſt, the *Ingenuity* or the *Decency* of theſe remarks.

Ve. 100. *And from his fragrant couch the heavenly infant named.*]

IAMUS from ἴος, *viola*. Scholiaſt.

Ver. 159. *The long-borne Adage of Diſgrace*
Which ancient Malice has employ'd
To ſtigmatize BOEOTIA' *race.*]

Βοιωτίαι ὗν, a BOEOTIAN Hog, the expreſſion in the original, was a proverbial phraſe throughout GREECE, ridiculing the national dulneſs of the BOEOTIANS.

THE

THE EIGHTH

OLYMPIC ODE.

To ALCIMEDON, on his OLYMPIC Victory; TIMOSTHENES, on his NEMEAN Victory; and MELESIAS, their Preceptor.

ARGUMENT.

Though this is called an OLYMPIC *Ode, the Poet does not confine himſelf to* ALCIMEDON, *who won the Prize in thoſe Games, but celebrates his Brother* TIMOSTHENES, *for his ſucceſs at* NEMEA, *and* MELESIAS, *their Inſtructor. The Ode opens with an invocation to the place where the Games were held.* PINDAR *then, after praiſing* TIMOSTHENES *for his early victory in the* NEMEAN *Games, mentions* ALCIMEDON, *and extols him for his dexterity and ſtrength, his beauty, and his country* ÆGINA; *which he celebrates for it's hoſpitality, and for it's being under the government of the* DORIANS *after the death of* ÆACUS; *on whom he has a long digreſſion, giving an account of his aſſiſting the Gods in the building of* TROY. *Then returning*

returning to his ſubject, he mentions Melesias *as ſkilled himſelf in the* Athletic *Exerciſes, and therefore proper to inſtruct others; and, enumerating his Triumphs, congratulates him on the ſucceſs of his Pupil* Alcimedon; *which, he ſays, will not only give ſatisfaction to his living Relations, but will delight the Ghoſts of thoſe deceaſed. The Poet then concludes with a wiſh for the proſperity of him and his family.*

STROPHE I.

OLYMPIA! Mother of heroic Games!
Queen of true Prophecy! beneath whoſe grove
While the red victims pile the aſpiring flames,
The Augurs ſearch the high beheſts of Jove:
Thence try to know on whom he'll deign to ſmile
Of thoſe, who, by the means of glorious toil,
Seek on the duſty cirque with generous pain,
Virtue's immortal meed, and honor'd reſt to gain.

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE I.

For to the ſupplications of the Good
He ever deigns a favoring ear to give,
O PISA's woody ſhades, o'er ALPHEUS' flood
That wave, my wreath-beſtowing Song receive;
Eternal Fame, and endleſs Honors ſhine,
On him whoſe brows thy ſacred Leaves entwine.—
For different pleaſures, different boſoms glow,
And various ways to bliſs the indulgent Gods beſtow.

EPODE I.

TIMOSTHENES, what fair renown
Was on thy almoſt infant actions ſhed,
When genial JOVE reſolv'd with Fame to crown
Thine and thy Brother's youthful head!
While ſhouting NEMEA owns thy conquering name,
And PISA's groves ALCIMEDON proclaim:

Lovely

Lovely ſhone his form, and face;
Nor did his deeds that form diſgrace,
When, Victor in the glorious ſtrife,
He bade the liſtening woods around
Ægina's ſea-girt ſhores reſound;
Whoſe regions gave him life.

STROPHE II.

There ſacred Themis ſits, belov'd of Jove,
Her favorite people's ever-watchful guard,
The crouded coaſts where various nations move
To judge with ſkill, and ſway in peace, is hard;
By Heaven's decree, amidſt the briny flood
This iſle, to every ſtranger ſacred, ſtood
A column firm.—O ne'er may rolling time,
Or black misfortune, change the hoſpitable clime!

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE II.

Here DORIA's warlike race their reign begun;
Here, after ÆACUS, their empire roſe,
Whom potent NEPTUNE, and LATONA's ſon,
The friend, and partner of their labor, choſe,
What time with ſocial care, thoſe heavenly powers
Crown'd ILION's ſacred ſeat with ſtrengthen'd towers:
For even then the hoſtile Fates decreed
Her ample Fanes ſhould fall, her hardy Warriors bleed.

EPODE II.

When the maſſy work was rais'd,
Three azure Dragons on the new-made wall
With fury ſprung—the people ſaw amaz'd
Two on the ground expiring fall;

The third with horrid roars the ſummit gain'd,
When Phœbus thus the fatal ſign explain'd:
'O Æacus, the inſulting foe
'Shall lay the haughty turrets low,
'Which thou haſt rear'd with mortal hands:
'Ilion, I ſee thy fate decreed;
'And in this omen plainly read
'Immortal Jove's commands.

STROPHE III.

'Nor ſhall without thy race theſe bulwarks fall,
'Thy ſons at firſt ſhall ſhake the new-form'd ſtate;
'The hoſtile Gods thy grandſon's offspring call,
'To ſeal it's doom, and cloſe the work of fate.'
Thus ſpoke the God, and ſtraight o'er Xanthus' tide
His ſkilful hands the heavenly courſers guide,

Till

Till midſt the warrior race his chariot ſtood
Of AMAZONIAN Dames, by ISTHER's frozen flood.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Immortal NEPTUNE's golden horſes now
To ſea-beat ISTHMUS bear his rapid car:
There ÆACUS on CORINTH's lofty brow
They leave, ſpectator of the ſportive war.—
No bliſs alike charms all.—The votive lays
Shall envy blaſt, that chant MELESIAS' praiſe?
Whoſe infant ſinews, courting fair renown,
Add to his other wreaths the fam'd NEMEAN crown.

EPODE III.

After, with manly ſinews ſtrong,
He in the great PANCRATIUM won the prize:—
To teach, muſt ſurely to the ſkill'd belong,
Experience fools alone deſpiſe:

Full well the Hero knows above the reſt
To form with precepts ſage the manly breaſt;
To point the ſureſt path that leads
To glorious acts, and daring deeds,
And future wreaths of fame prepare;
And well his * Pupil's fair renown,
Who now has won the thirtieth crown,
Rewards his Teacher's care.

STROPHE IV.

By fortune favor'd, nor by manhood leſs,
Four ſtriplings in the ſtrife he overcame,
Bade infamy their vanquiſh'd limbs oppreſs,
And ſent them home with foreheads veil'd in ſhame;
While to his Grandſire's hoary head he brings
Triumphant joy, whence health, whence vigor ſprings;

* Alcîmedon.

For

For he whom Fortune fans with proſperous breath,
Forgets the pains of Age, and near approach of
Death.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

MNEMOSYNE, awake the ſilver Lyre,
Lo! the BLEPSIADÆ demand the ſong:
Well their brave brows the flowery bands re-
quire,
To whom now ſix OLYMPIC Crowns belong.
Nor will the MUSE forget the honor'd head
Though ſunk to earth, and number'd with the
dead.
The virtuous actions of the Good and Brave,
Shall rouze the ſleeping duſt, and pierce the ſilent
grave.

EPODE IV.

Iphion 'midſt the infernal ſeats
The pleaſing news from Hermes' daughter hears;
He to Callimachus the tale repeats,
Who drinks it with exulting ears,
That Jove's ſupreme beheſt had deign'd to grace
With Pisa's ſacred meed their happy race.
Still may he good on good beſtow,
No pallid ſickneſs let them know,
Nor Nemesis their ſocial band
By curſed Diſcord e'er disjoin;
But happy may they ever ſhine,
To bleſs their native land!

NOTES.

Ver. 17. TIMOSTHENES, *what fair renown.*] Though this, as an OLYMPIC Ode, ſhould belong chiefly to ALCIMEDON, the Poet here firſt mentions his brother, and addreſſes himſelf particularly to him.

Ver. 31. *The crouded coaſts where various nations move*
To judge with ſkill, and ſway in peace, is hard.]

The Preſident MONTESQUIEU has the following obſervation in his SPIRIT OF LAWS: * 'Platon dit que dans une 'Ville où il n'y a point de Commerce Maritime, il faut la 'Moitie moins de Loix Civiles. Et cela eſt très vrai, le 'Commerce introduit dans une même Pays différent Sortes 'de Peuples, un grand Nombre de Conventions, d'Eſpeces 'de Biens, & de Manières d'acquérir.

'Ainſi dans une Ville Commerçante il y a moins de Juges '& plus de Loix.' ESPRIT DE LOIX, Liv. xx. Chap. 18.

There is the following paſſage in the fourth Book of PLATO DE LEGIBUS, near the beginning: Εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἐπιθαλαττία τε ἔμελλεν εἶναι καὶ εὐλίμενος, καὶ μὴ πάμφορος, ἀλλ' ἐπιδεὴς πολλῶν, μεγάλου τινὸς ἔδει ζωτῆρός τε αὐτῇ, καὶ νομοθετῶν θειῶν τινῶν, εἰ μὴ πολλά τε ἔμελλεν ἤθη, καὶ ποικίλα καὶ φαῦλα ἕξειν τοιαύτη φύσει, γενομένη.

MONTESQUIEU has moſt probably miſtaken the number of the Book he quoted from, which, if the opinion of VOLTAIRE may be taken, he was apt to do. M. VOLTAIRE ſays, 'Tres peu de lecteurs ſont attentifs; on ne s'eſt point 'apperçu que preſque toutes les citations de MONTES-'QUIEU ſont fauſſes.'

ÆGINA was an iſland of the ÆGEAN ſea; and, according to the Scholiaſt, had four hundred and eighty thouſand inhabitants.

* De Legibus, Lib. viii.

Ver. 37. *Here* Dorias' *warlike race their reign begun.*] The Scholiaſt informs us, that Peleus and Telamon, having killed their half-brother Phocus, fled, one to Theſſalia, the other to Salamis; and Æacus dying in Ægina without a ſucceſſor, Triacus, an Argive, aſſembling ſome of his countrymen who were of the race of the Dorians, invaded the iſland, and took poſſeſſion of it.

Ver. 57. *Nor ſhall without thy race her bulwarks fall.*] It is in the original,

Οὐκ ἄτερ παίδων σέθεν ἀλ-
λ' ἅμα πρώτοις ἄρξῃλαι
Καὶ τἐρατοις.

This is one of the paſſages of Pindar that is rather obſcure. I have followed the common opinion of the Commentators, who ſuppoſe πρώτος to allude to Peleus and Telamon, who aſſiſted Hercules in his war againſt Laomedon: and τἐρατος to mean Pyrrhus; who, according to Virgil, ſlew Priam, and was great grandſon to Æacus. Sudorius does the ſame:

——*Natus at impias*
Invadet arces, haſque multa
Cæde madens pronepos cremabit.

Ver. 69. *No bliſs alike charms all.*] This is rather an abrupt ſentence, and does not ſeem to ariſe naturally out of the ſubject; which, after all that has been ſaid concerning the irregularity of Pindar, is ſeldom the caſe with our Poet, perhaps never, when he is rightly underſtood. The original is,

Τερπνὸν δ' ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἴσον ἴσσῃλαι ἐὲίν.

And Sudorius's verſion,

Res nulla cunctos æque homines juvat.

The

The Scholiaſt ſays, the ancients were much divided in their opinions concerning this paſſage; ſome ſuppoſing it to relate to the ſeveral ways NEPTUNE, APOLLO, and ÆACUS went when they parted; ſome, to the different exploits of ALCIMEDON, TIMOSTHENES, and MELESIAS.

Ver. 74. *He in the great* PANCRATIUM *won the prize.*] The PANCRATIUM from πᾶν and κράτος, was the moſt laborious of the Athletic Exerciſes. Some writers have improperly confounded it with the Pentathlon. There is a moſt accurate account of it in WEST's Diſſertation on the OLYMPIC Games; to which I refer the Reader who deſires fuller information on the ſubject.

Ver. 94. *Lo! the* BLEPSIADÆ *demand the ſong.*] According to the Scholiaſt, the BLEPSIADÆ were a particular tribe in ÆGINA, to which ALCIMEDON belonged; all of whom the Poet imagines to be intereſted in the glory of his hero.

Ver. 101. IPHION '*midſt the infernal ſeats*
The pleaſing news from HERMES' *daughter hears*]

In the original it is,

Ἑρμᾶ δὲ θυγατρὸς ἀκέσας Ἰφίων
Ἀγγελίας.

There is a ſingular beauty in perſonifying Ἀγγελία, and making her daughter to MERCURY, which it is impoſſible to tranſlate, as I know of no ENGLISH word capable of rendering Ἀγγελία. SUDORIUS did not find his LATIN more happy.

IPHIO *ut illic* ANGELIAM *audiet*
Natam volantis MERCURIS *alitem.*

I could alſo have uſed the GREEK word; but I think it has not at all the happy effect which ſtrikes me ſo much in the original. The Scholiaſt ſays, ſome ſuppoſe IPHION and CALLIMACHUS to be ſimply relations to ALCIMEDON; others,

others, that they were his father and uncle. I think this paſſage in the Ode ſtrongly favors the latter opinion:

Παῖρὶ δὶ παῖρὸς ἰνέπνευσεν μένος
Γήραος ἀντίπαλον.

The addreſs to the grandfather ſupporting the ſuppoſition of his father being dead.

THE

THE NINTH

OLYMPIC ODE.

To EPHARMOSTUS of OPUS, on his OLYMPIC and PYTHIAN Victories.

ARGUMENT.

PINDAR *begins the Ode with mentioning the Hymn compoſed by* ARCHILOCHUS, *and indiſcriminately ſung before ſuch of the* OLYMPIC *Victors as were not fortunate enough to have a Poet to celebrate their particular exploits. He then invokes the* MUSES, *to aſſiſt him in praiſing* EPHARMOSTUS *for his ſucceſs at* OLYMPIA *and* PYTHIA, *and tells them it requires no common ſhare of genius. He then, ſpeaking of his country, commends him for raiſing it's honor by his ſkill and ſucceſs in Athletic Exerciſes, and implores the aſſiſtance of the* GRACES; *aſſerting, that no glory can be expected without the aid of the Superior Powers, by whoſe help, he ſays,* HERCULES *was able to oppoſe* NEPTUNE, APOLLO, *and* PLUTO. *Here he checks himſelf, reflecting, that it is wrong to ſing of any thing that may*

caſt

caſt diſhonor on the Gods; and, deſcribing Deucalion's *Flood, addreſſes* Epharmostus *and the Citizens of* Opus, *as being deſcendants from him and* Pyrrha, *by means of their daughter* Protogenia, *who was carried away by* Jupiter, *and had a ſon by him named* Opus, *who founded the city of that name. Him he celebrates for his hoſpitality, and, enumerating his friends, particularly mentions* Menœtius. *From thence he digreſſes to the ſtory of his ſon* Patroclus *and* Achilles *attacking* Telephus. *The Poet now, invoking again the* Muses, *deſires to commemorate the Victories gained by* Epharmostus *and his kinſman* Lampromachus, *and gives an account of their various triumphs; and, aſſerting the ſuperiority of native over acquired merit, and giving mental accompliſhments the preference to all others, he concludes with a compliment to his Hero.*

STROPHE I.

THE Lay Archilochus prepar'd, the meed
Of every Victor on Olympia's ſand,
Might have ſufficed, thrice chanted, to proceed
Brave Epharmostus and his ſocial band;

But from her bow let each AONIAN maid
The glittering ſhafts of harmony prepare,
The heights of ſacred ELIS to invade,
Her ſhady foreſts, and her paſtures fair;
Seats ſacred ſtill to thunder-bearing JOVE,
Which PELOPS gain'd, the dower of HIPPODAMIA's love.

ANTISTROPHE I.

To PYTHIA too one dulcet arrow ſend.—
Nor does the Poet humble lays require
That ſings the Chiefs for Glory who contend.—
To princely OPUS now the ſilver lyre
Awake, and chant her ſons athletic worth.
OPUS, where THEMIS, with her daughter, reigns,
Divine EUNOMIA.—Mindful of his birth,
He decks the capital of LOCRIS' plains

With

With every flower on Alpheus' brink that grows,
And every blooming wreath Castalia's cirque
beſtows.

EPODE I.

My votive voice, in ſoothing lays,
Shall ſing the much-lov'd city's praiſe;
And, ſwifter than the courſer ſcours the plain,
Or the wing'd galley cleaves the yielding main,
Will ſend the Meſſenger of Fame
Through all the admiring world, her honors to
proclaim.
If haply my aſſiduous hand
Shall cull the flowers that deck the Graces' Land.
For every bliſs that crowns mankind,
Muſt from the Powers Superior riſe;
And every plan's by them deſign'd,
That forms the Valiant or the Wiſe.

STOPHE

STROPHE II.

Favor'd by them, ALCIDES' nervous arm
Repell'd the Monarch of the briny flood;
Nor did the ſilver bow his heart alarm,
But, firmly, angry PHŒBUS' rage he ſtood;
Nor could ſtern PLUTO's rod his breaſt diſmay,
Which drives the dying to his drear abodes:—
Raſh MUSE, deſiſt! nor urge the impious lay;
Hateful's the wiſdom that blaſphemes the Gods.—
'Tis madneſs, ſtrength abſurdly thus to boaſt,
And mortal might compare with Heaven's triumphant Hoſt.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Let War and Diſord, with the ills they bring,
Be baniſh'd diſtant from the Ethereal Train:
Fair PROTOGENIA's new-rais'd city ſing,
Where, from PARNASSUS to the level plain,

Deucalion and his Mate, deſcending firſt,
By Jove's command the riſing dome deſign'd;
While from the ſtones their living offspring burſt,
To fill the nations, and renew mankind.—
Let ſtrains like theſe their pleas'd deſcendants hear,
Old wine delights the taſte, new numbers charm the ear.

EPODE II.

Of old o'er earth's involved head,
The congregated waters ſpread,
And o'er the waſted country urg'd their courſe;
Till Jove, relenting, check'd their ruthleſs force,
And bade their native beds again
The raging waves abſorb, and ſpare the ravag'd plain.
From Pyrrha and Deucalion then
Your ſires aroſe, a hardy race of men.

Thence

Thence your honor'd lineage ſprings,
The offſpring of a God's embrace;
And hence, for ever native Kings,
With glory reigns the warlike race.

STROPHE III.

OPUS, thy daughter erſt OLYMPIC JOVE
To ſhady MÆNALUS from ELIS bore;
And there compreſſing with impetuous love,
Reſtor'd her to her plighted * Lord once more,
Her womb then teeming with the heavenly child;
Leſt fate his days without a ſon ſhould claim.
The Hero on the foſter'd Infant ſmil'd,
Pleas'd with his form, and gave his grandfire's name,
And ſubjects brave beſtow'd, and fair domains;
Whence OPUS' lofty walls, and LOCRIS' hardy ſwains.

* Locrus.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Drawn by his virtues, to whoſe friendly towers,
From Argos, Thebes, and Pisa's fertile plain,
And fair Arcadia, croud the ſocial powers,
Menoetius, chief among the warrior train
He lov'd, from Actor and Ægina ſprung:
Whoſe ſon when wrong'd Atrides call'd to arms,
Was nobly found the vengeful train among;
Who, when the Greeks from Telephus' alarms
Found ſhameful ſafety on the friendly flood
With Peleus' godlike ſon, the threatening ſtorm withſtood.

EPODE III.

From hence the ſkilful well might find
The impatience of Patroclus' mind:
Achilles, therefore, with parental care,
Adviſ'd him ne'er alone to tempt the war.—

O could I ſoar on daring wings,
Where, in her rapid car, the MUSE exulting
ſings;
(For ample power, and eager will,
Attend with duteous care her footſteps ſtill;)
Thy ſocial worth, and ISTHMIAN prize,
LAMPROMACHUS, ſhould grace my lay.
When Fame beheld two trophies riſe
Congenial, in one rolling day.

STROPHE IV.

Twice, EPHARMOSTUS, too, thy matchleſs might
Fair CORINTH ſaw, twice NEMEA's hallow'd ground:
ARGOS thy manly brows with glory dight,
And ATTICA thy youthful forehead crown'd:
What praiſe thou met'ſt in MARATHON's fam'd
courſe!
Now, ſcorning with the beardleſs youth to run,

Match'd with the veteran race, thy rapid force,
Temper'd with ſkill, the ſilver goblet won;
Shout with exulting voice the friendly train,
To ſee the lovelieſt youth the faireſt trophies gain.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Lycæan Jove's high feaſt with wonder glow'd
As bold Parrhasia's ſons thy form behold;
Her prize Pellene on thy ſtrength beſtow'd,
A guard from warring winds, and wintry cold.
Iolaus' tomb, and fair Eleusis' plain
Waſh'd by the briny wave, thy deeds atteſt.
Though men by labor ſtrive applauſe to gain,
Yet native merit ever ſhines the beſt;
Nor ſhall the wreaths attain'd by toil and care,
With heaven-deſcended might, and inborn worth compare.

EPODE

EPODE IV.

Not every path extends the ſame,
But various are the roads to Fame;
With different eye the ſame purſuits we view,
Nor all one wiſh with equal zeal purſue;
But his great fame ſhall higheſt ſoar,
Who climbs the arduous heights of Science' ſacred lore.
By which inſpir'd, I now proclaim
My Hero's heaven-born ſtrength, and native Fame;
Who, conqueror on OÏLIA's plain,
Bade the bright wreath of Victory twine,
Great AJAX, round thy votive fane,
And graced with wreaths the hallow'd ſhrine.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *The Lay* ARCHILOCHUS *prepar'd*, &c.] The Scholiaſt tells us, ARCHILOCHUS compoſed an Ode on the victory gained by HERCULES and IOLAUS at OLYMPIA, called Καλλίνικος from the firſt word in it; it's beginning being Ὦ Καλλίνικε, χαῖρε ἄναξ Ἡράκλεις. This Ode it was cuſtomary to ſing before every perſon who gained the prize at OLYMPIA, if he had no Poet to compoſe one purpoſely for the occaſion.

Ver. 5. *But from her bow let each* AONIAN *maid*
The glittering ſhafts of harmony prepare.]
This manner of expreſſion is not uncommon with our Poet; he uſes it in the ſecond OLYMPIC Ode:

Ἔπειχε νῦν σκοπᾷ τόξον
Ἄγε θυμέ· τίνα βαλλόμεν
Ἐκ μαλθακᾶς αὖτι φρε-
νὰς εὐκλέας ὀίστους
Ἰόντες; ἐπὶ τοι
Ακράγαντι τανύσαις.

Come on, thy brighteſt ſhafts prepare,
And bend, O Muſe, thy ſounding bow;
Say, through what paths of liquid air
Our arrows ſhall we throw?
On AGRIGENTUM fix thine eye;
Thither let all thy quiver fly. WEST.

And a little before in the ſame Ode:

Πολλὰ μοι ὑπαγκῶ-
νος ὠκέα βέλη
Ἔνδον ἐντὶ φαρέτρας
Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσι.

It is ſurpriſing that a man of COWLEY's genius could give ſo very puerile a turn as he has to the firſt quoted paſſage,

Leave, wanton Muſe, thy roving flight,
To thy loud ſtring the well-fletcht arrow put,
Let AGRIGENTUM be the *butt*,
And THERON be the *white*.

Ver. 10. ——HIPPODAMIA——] The learned Reader muſt again forgive me for ſacrificing quantity to the genius of our verſe and language. I have taken the ſame liberty afterwards with PROTOGENIA. IPHIGENIA and HYPERION are commonly pronounced in the ſame manner.

Ver. 33. *Favor'd by them*, ALCIDES' *nervous arm.*] The Scholiaſt gives the following account of this paſſage: 'Theſe were the cauſes which induced HERCULES to 'make war with the Gods. With NEPTUNE, for aſſiſting 'the PYLIANS, whom he attacked for this reaſon: having 'killed one TRACHINIUS, and flying on account of the 'murder, he came to NELEUS for his aid in expiating the 'crime: which being refuſed him, he made war on the 'PYLIANS, whom NEPTUNE aſſiſted, being father to NE-'LEUS and PELEAS. With APOLLO, becauſe, when he 'conſulted his oracle at PYTHO, he was told that the God 'was abſent; which enraged him ſo much, that he carried 'away the Tripod. And with PLUTO, on account of his 'bringing away CERBERUS by the command of EURYST-'HEUS.'

Ver. 45. *Fair* PROTOGENIA's *new-rais'd city ſing.*] The city of OPUS is here called PROTOGENIA from the daughter of DEUCALION.

Ver. 49. *While from the ſtones their living offſpring burſt,*
To fill the nations, and renew mankind.]

This is the original:

——— ἄτιε
Δ' εὐνᾶς ὁμόδαμον
Κτιτάσθαι λίθινον γόνον.
Δαοὶ δ' ὀνόμασθεν.

By this means, giving the etymology of the Greek word Λαὸς, *populus*. Sudorius in his verſion gives the exact ſenſe of Pindar, by keeping the Greek word, which could not have been done with propriety in an English tranſlation:

——*Jactu lapidum dederunt*
Alteram prolem, vocitant & inde
Λαὸν *Achivi.*

The ſtory of Deucalion and Pyrrha renewing the race of mankind, by throwing ſtones over their heads, is thus told by Ovid:

Deſcendunt velantque caput, tunicaſque recingunt,
Et juſſos lapides ſua poſt veſtigia mittunt:
Saxa, (quis hoc credat niſi ſit pro teſte vetuſtas?)
Ponere duritiem cœpere ſuumque rigorem
Mollirique morâ mollitaque ducere formam.

Ov. Met. l. I.

Ver. 50. *Old wine delights the taſte, new numbers charm the ear.*]

Perhaps the Poet here means to hint to his Patron, the advantage he has in having an Ode purpoſely compoſed for him, inſtead of having only the old one, common to all the Olympic Conquerors.

Ver. 65. Opus, *thy daughter*, &c.] This means Protogenia, daughter of Deucalion, who is mentioned before; ſhe was married to Locrus, from whom the country took it's name. Opus and Deucalion are the ſame perſon.

Ver. 82. *And when the* Greeks *from* Telephus' *alarms*—] Telephus was ſon of Hercules, and, oppoſing the Greeks in their march to Troy, was dangerouſly wounded by Achilles, and afterwards healed by the ruſt of the ſame ſpear that gave the wound:

Telephus

TELEPHUS *æternâ conſumptus tabe periſſet,*
Si non quæ nocuit dextra tuliſſet opem.
OV. Triſt. L. V. El. ii.

As I have mentioned ACHILLES, I muſt beg the Reader's indulgence for a Digreſſion on the Story of his being rendered invulnerable, except in the heel, by being dipped in the STYX; which, though it has no foundation in any ancient writer, except STATIUS, (of whom more hereafter,) is yet ſo generally and I may ſay * univerſally adopted, and has been ſo often ſaid to be in HOMER, that it ſeems almoſt maintaining a paradox to contradict it. The Editors of the DELPHIN CLASSICS aſſert it roundly; ſee the notes on VIRGIL's ÆNEID, L. I. v. 34. OVID's METAM. L. XII. v. 606. and HORACE's EPODE XIII. v. 17.

Monſieur BAYLE, in his Dictionary, ſays, ſpeaking of ACHILLES, 'On a dit que ſa mere l'aiant plongé dans 'les eaux du STYX pour le rendre invulnerable, ne put 'procurer cet avantage au talon parce qu'elle tenoit ſon 'fils par là. FULGENCE au chapitre 7 du livre 3, et le Scho-'liaſte d'HORACE ſur l'ode 13 du livre 5, marquent qu'elle 'le tint par le talon. Ceux qui diſent qu'il morut d'une 'bleſſure au talon, comme HYGIN au chapitre 107, et 'QUINTE CALABER au vers 62 du livre 3, convienent au 'fond avec les deux autres; SERVIUS ſur le vers 57 du 6 'livre d'ENEIDE dit en general qu'il etoit invulnerable, '*exceptâ parte quâ a matre tentus eſt.*' BAYLE, Dict. Art. ACHIL.

Whatever SERVIUS, FULGENTIUS, &c. may ſay, ſure I am, that there is no word of ACHILLES being invulerable,

* I never remember to have ſeen this notion combated before my firſt publication of theſe notes; I have ſince had the pleaſure of ſeeing it noticed by the learned and ingenious Dr. BEATTIE. *Eſſay on Poetry and Muſic*, Part I. Ch. IV.

or dying by a wound in his heel, in any ancient Greek Poet, nor in Virgil, Horace, or Ovid; and almoſt every fable of antiquity is alluded to in ſome or other of the writings of the laſt. Homer actually gives an account of his being wounded in the hand by Asteropæus, who threw two darts together, one of which was innocent:

Τῷ δ' ἑτέρῳ, μὲν πῆχυν ἐπισσάβδην βάλε χειρὸς
Δεξιλερῆς, σύτο δ' αἷμα κελαινεφές— Iliad xxi. 166.

One razed Achillis' hand; the ſpouting blood
Spun forth——— Pope.

Virgil ſays,

Dardana *qui* Paridis *direxti tela manuſque*
Corpus *in* Æacidæ. Æneis, l. vi. 57.

The account of the battle between Cygnus and Achilles, in the twelfth book of Ovid's Metamorphses, affords a convincing proof that no ſuch fable was extant in Ovid's time. Cygnus tells Achilles that his own arms are uſeleſs being himſelf invulnerable, and offers his naked body to his aſſaults. On the contrary, Achilles, inſtead of boaſting of the ſame advantage, depends on his ſhield for his ſecurity, which is nearly transfixed; (this by the way is a proof that his armor, though a gift of the Gods, was not ſuppoſed impenetrable, like the enchanted armor of Romance:)

———*& æs & proxima rupit*
Terga novena boum, decimo tamen orbe moratum.

After Cygnus is ſlain, and the Chiefs are talking over the exploits of the day, the having an invulnerable body is conſidered by them all with the greateſt aſtoniſhment, and particularly by Achilles.

Hoc ipſum Æacides, *hoc mirabantur* Achivi.

But Nestor mentions Cæneas as having poſſeſſed the ſame quality formerly, in theſe remarkable words:

——*veſtro*

——*veſtro fuit* unicus *ævo*
Contemptor ferri, nullo forabilis ictu
CYGNUS: *at ipſe olim patientem vulnera mille*
Corpore non læſo, PERRHÆBUM CÆNEA *vidi.*

DARES PHRYGIUS, and DICTYS CRETENSIS, (or whoever wrote the books aſcribed to them,) make no mention of ACHILLES being ſlain by a wound in the heel, (which could hardly be mortal;) 'Quo ALEXANDER, librato 'gladio procurrens adverſus hoſtem, (i. e. ACHILLEM,) 'per utrumque latus geminato ictu transfigit.' *Dict. Cret.* L. IV. Ch. XI. And DARES mentions his being wounded ſeveral times, and obliged to quit the field; and deſcribes his death thus: 'ALEXANDER ANTILOCHUM, & 'ACHILLEM, multis plagis confodit.'

BENEDICTUS ARETIUS, in in a comment on the third PYTHIAN ODE, ver. 179.

——ἐν πολέμῳ
Τόξοις ἀπὸ ψυχὰν λιπών,

ſays; 'HOMERUS docet ab ALEXANDRO *occiſum*, (i. e. 'ACHILLEM,) τοξευθεὶς κατὰ τῆς γαστρὸς:' though I can find no ſuch paſſage in HOMER.

I have in my poſſeſſion, a tranſlation of the ILIAD into modern GREEK, printed at VENICE in the year 1526, and to which there is a book added, compleating the TROJAN War, where the Death of ACHILLES is deſcribed in theſe words:

——Πάρις ἐξοπίσω
Ἰσχυρὸν κρατῶν μὲν τόξον,
Πέμπει ἕνα σικρὸν βέλος
Κατ' αὐτῦ τῦ Ἀχιλλέως,
Καὶ εἰς τὴν πλεύραν τὸν χρύει,
Καὶ ἀπέρασε τὸ βέλος
Εἰς τὸ ἑτεραν τὸν μέρος.

'PARIS

'Paris from behind, holding a ſtrong bow, ſent a ſharp '(bitter) arrow againſt Achilles himſelf, and wounded 'him in the ſide, and the arrow paſſed quite through and 'came out at the oppoſite part.'

The invulnerable ſtory does not ſeem to have been current at the revival of literature in Europe. I think the following paſſage in Don Quixote ſhews Cervantes was ignorant of it, or he would moſt likely have mentioned it, as it ſo much reſembles the ſtory he introduces; eſpecially as he has brought in an alluſion to claſſical Fable.

Don Quixote, ſpeaking of the various miraculous endowments of different Knights, ſays: 'One has the gift of 'never being enchanted; another to have ſuch impene-'trable fleſh, as never to be wounded, as was the caſe of 'the famous Roldan, one of the twelve Peers of France, 'of whom it is reported, that he was incapable of receiv-'ing a wound except in the ſole of his left foot; and there 'it muſt be made with the point of a large needle, and no 'other weapon whatever. Therefore, when Bernardo 'del Carpio killed him at Roncevalles, ſeeing it im-'poſſible to wound him with ſteel, he lifted him from the 'ground in his arms, and ſtrangled him, recollecting the 'death that Hercules gave to Antæus, that fierce 'Giant, ſaid to be a Son of the Earth.'

Don Quixote, Part III. Book iv. Chap. 32.

Even the writers of Romance, who were fond of depreciating the heroic character of Achilles, never mention his being invulnerable as an advantage he had over Hector; though they repreſent him as uſing the aſſiſtance of his Myrmidons to deſtroy him.

I cannot help obſerving here the ſtriking difference between the ideas of Feudal and Heroic Honor, much, in my opinion, to the honor of the former. Two of the moſt reſpectable writers of antiquity, (Aristotle and Plutarch,)

TARCH,) cenſure HOMER for not having made ACHILLES take thoſe meaſures to deſtroy HECTOR, which the writers of Romance impute to him, for the purpoſe of putting his courage in an inferior light to that of his enemy. See *Ariſtotle*'s *Poetics*, Chap. XIV. and *Plutarch*'s *Life of Pompey*.

How the idea of ACHILLES being invulnerable, ſo contrary to his character as drawn by HOMER, who always repreſents him as preferring Glory, attended with certain, and early Death, to a long Life of tranquility, ſhould have been ſo long and ſo generally conceived to have originated with HOMER, and to have been the opinion of the ancient Poets, and this without the leaſt ſhadow of foundation, it is impoſſible to account for. STATIUS is the only writer of antiquity from whom it could be derived; but it is ſomething ſingular that his authority alone ſhould diſſeminate it ſo univerſally. There are two paſſages in his ACHILLEID that obviouſly allude to it.

——*Ad* STYGIOS *iterum fero mergere fontes.*

Stat. Achil. L. I. v. 134.

and

——*Si progentium* STYGOS *amne ſevero*
Armavi, (*totumque utinam*,) *cæpe tutæ parumper*
Tegminæ, *nil nocitura animo.*——

Achil. L. I. v. 269.

This long Diſſertation may perhaps ſeem trifling to ſome; but the claſſical Reader I truſt will not be diſpleaſed to ſee the Hero of HOMER, and I may add, of PINDAR, (for he always mentions him with particular veneration,) vindicated from the abſurdity of having an invulnerable body covered with impenetrable armor. How STATIUS would have managed this is uncertain, as only two books of his ACHILLEID are extant. But HOMER has taken great care to make ACHILLES and HECTOR engage on equal

tetms,

terms, for both are in divine armor: Hector being dreſſed in the ſpoils of Patroclus, who wore the arms of Achilles, which Homer ſays, Iliad XVIII. v. 84. were given by the Gods to his Father Peleus, on his marriage with Thetis.

Before I quit this ſubject I muſt obſerve, that there is another Hero of the Iliad, who is ſaid to have been invulnerable. Pindar, in his ſixth Isthmian Ode, ſays that Hercules wrapped Ajax, when a child, in the ſkin of the Nemean Lion, and requeſted Jupiter to make his body as invulnerable as the hide.

Τὸν μὲν ἄῤῥηκτον φυὰν
Ὥσπερ τόδε δέρμα με νῦν περιπλανᾶται
Θηρὸς.———

On which the Annotator on the Oxford Pindar obſerves, that Ajax was invulnerable in every part, except the ſides, where the Lion's ſkin did not touch, on account of the intervention of the quiver. Though the Greek Scholiaſt only ſuppoſes it to imply a wiſh, that the future Hero may be as ſtrong, and as intrepid as the animal whoſe hide he is covered by. Mr. Greene wonders who the Commentator is who has conjured up this Tale, and where he purloined the Story. To the laſt of theſe queſtions, I believe I can give an anſwer. It is taken from the Scholia on Homer, though with ſome alteration, on the following paſſage of the Iliad, deſcribing the combat between Ajax and Diomed:

Τυδείδης δ' ἀρ' ἔπειλα ὑπὲρ σάκεος μεγάλοιο
Αἰὲν ἐπ' αὐχένι κῦρε φαεινῇ δορὸς ἀκωκὴ,
Καὶ τότε δὴ ῥ' Αἴαντι περιδδείσαντες Ἀχαιοὶ,
Παυσαμένης ἐκέλευσαν, ἄεθλια ἴσ' ἀνελέσθαι.

Iliad. L. XXIII. v. 820.

Tydeides

TYDEIDES then the javelin aim'd above
The Buckler's margin, at the neck he drove,
But GREECE, now trembling for her Hero's life,
Bade ſhare the honors and ſurceaſe the ſtrife.

POPE.

The Scholiaſt obſerves, that HERCULES, happening to be at SALAMIS juſt as AJAX was born, took the child, and wrapped him in the Lion's hide, and prayed that he might become invulnerable, (ἄτρωτον,) and accordingly all his body became invulnerable, except the neck, which the hide happened not to cover.

AJAX I think is the only Hero of any conſequence, who is not wounded in the courſe of the ILIAD.

Ver. 93. *Thy ſocial worth and* ISTHMIAN *prize,*
LAMPROMACHUS, *ſhall grace my lay.*]

The Scholia make LAMPROMACHUS a kinſman and fellow citizen of EPHARMOSTUS. The elder Scholiaſt ſays, that ſome were of opinion he won the ISTHMIAN Crown the ſame day that his friend did the OLYMPIC; others, that they were both ISTHMIAN Prizes; the younger Scholiſt only mentions the laſt opinion. Indeed it was not likely that the OLYMPIC and ISTHMIAN Games ſhould be celebrated at the ſame time.

Ver. 109. *Her prize* PELLENE———]

The Prize in the Games celebrated at PELLENE was a cloak.

THE

THE TENTH

OLYMPIC ODE.

To Agesidamus, ſon of Archestratus, an Epizephyrian Locrian, on his Victory obtained by the Cæſtus.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet begins the Ode by apologiſing to Agesidamus, *for having ſo long delayed compoſing it, after promiſing to do it. He then compliments him upon his country, and conſoles him for being worſted at the beginning of the conteſt, till encouraged by* Ilias, *by relating the ſame circumſtance of* Hercules *and* Patroclus. *He then deſcribes the inſtitution of the* Olympic *Games, by* Hercules, *after the victory he obtained over* Augeas, *and the ſons of* Neptune *and* Molione; *and enumerates thoſe who won the firſt Prizes in the Athletic Exerciſes. He then, returning to* Agesidamus, *and congratulating him on having a Poet to ſing his exploits, though after ſome delay, concludes with praiſing him for his ſtrength and beauty.*

STROPHE

STROPHE I.

O MUSE, awake the OLYMPIC Lay,
Which to ARCHESTRATUS' brave Son we owe;
The meed I promis'd to beſtow,
Oblivion's icy hand had wip'd away:
And thou, O TRUTH, the favorite Maid
Of thundering JOVE, vouchſafe thy aid
To quell their ſlanderous falſhoods, who pretend
I e'er with wilful aim deceiv'd a truſting Friend.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Full many an hour has roll'd away
Since ſhame has made my cheeks with crimſon glow,
So long the promis'd meed to owe:
But now the ſong, with intereſt, I'll repay;

And, as where Ocean's billows roar,
They clear from ſtain the pebbled ſhore,
So ſhall the breath of this my friendly ſtrain,
To liſtening crouds aſſert my ſpotleſs faith again.

EPODE I.

Where, gently fann'd by Zephyr's balmy breeze,
Fair Truth o'er Locris' colony preſides;
Her Guardian, ſweet Calliope, ſhe ſees,
While warlike Mars the generous care divides.—
Bold Cycnus, in the hard-fought field,
Forced Hercules at firſt to yield;
Agesidamus, ſo thy might
Was wavering in the Olympic fight,
Till, as Achilles' friendly tongue
Patroclus' fainting limbs new ſtrung;

Brave

Brave ILAS' words thy drooping ſpirits fire,
Thy ſlumbering virtues rouſe, and god-like deeds
inſpire.

STROPHE II.

When Emulation warms the breaſt,
The Youth (Heaven aiding) matchleſs Fame ſhall
gain;
But few the envied Prize obtain
By ſlothful luxury and lazy reſt.
Now cuſtom bids my MUSE proclaim
JOVE's Feſtival and ſolemn Game,
With which ALCIDES honor'd PELOPS' Shrine,
When NEPTUNE's baffled ſons confeſs'd his power
divine.

ANTISTROPHE II.

When his triumphant arm had laid,
O blameleſs CTEATUS! thy glory low;

And bold Eurytas felt the blow,
O'ercome by ſtratagem in Cleon's glade;
From proud Augeas to obtain
The promis'd meed of toil and pain;
And wreak on Molion's ſons the fatal day,
When ſtretch'd on Elis' plains his ſlaughter'd army lay.

EPODE II.

Soon did the * faithleſs King his fraud repay,
He ſaw his country's faireſt hopes expire;
Saw his exulting cities fall a prey
To vengeful ſlaughter, and conſuming fire;
Saw deſolation's iron reign
Extend o'er all his fair domain—
Vain are the endeavours to withſtand
The vengeance of a mightier hand;

* Augeas.

Awhile

Awhile he raſhly tried to oppoſe
The forceful entry of his ſhouting foes;
Till, ſeeing fell deſtruction round him wait,
He ſought amid the preſs, a voluntary fate.

STROPHE III.

On PISA's plains the ſon of JOVE
Aſſembled, with their ſpoils, his conquering band;
And bade for ever ſacred ſtand
To his eternal Sire this hallow'd grove:
Bade ſacred fences ſtraight ſurround
The ALTIS' conſecrated ground;
Whilſt round, the feſtive ſeats with ſplendor gleam,
And crown the verdant brink of ALPHEUS' honored ſtream.

ANTISTROPHE III.

ALPHEUS, who, with the imperial train
Of high OLYMPUS, ſhares the ſacrifice;

Where the SATURNIAN ſummits riſe,
With ſite conſpicuous from the trophied plain:—
There, erſt when OENOMAUS ſway'd,
In ſnow was wrapp'd the unnoticed glade.
On the firſt rites propitious ſmil'd the Fates;
And Time, on whom even Truth for confirmation waits:

EPODE III.

He, rolling on with never-ceaſing courſe,
To the ſucceeding race of men declares,
How the rich ſpoils of war's reſiſtleſs force,
The godlike Hero 'midſt his army ſhares;
And bids the feſtive games ſtill chear
Again each fifth revolving year.—
Who in the conteſts, now ordain'd,
The firſt OLYMPIC wreath obtain'd?

Whoſe

Whoſe courſers in the rattling car,
Or limbs exerted in the ſportive war,
Or feet inur'd to urge the rapid race,
Snatch'd from their baffled foes the matchleſs olive's grace?

STROPHE IV.

On the long Stadium's even courſe,
OEONUS, great LICYMNIUS' valiant ſon,
The Prize with active footſteps won,
Who brought from MIDIA's plains his friendly force:
Reſplendent with the wreſtler's oil,
Fair Victory crown'd the * TEGEAN's toil:
While brave DORYCLUS, from TIRYNTHE's ſhore,
The CÆSTUS' manly prize from all his rivals bore.

* Echemus.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Conſpicuous on his conquering car,
The Muse Mantinian Semus' Courſers ſings;
Phrastor the unerring javelin flings;
While, by Eniceus' ſinews hurl'd, afar
Beyond the reſt the Diſcus flies.—
Reſound the ſhores with friendly cries;
While lovely Luna pours her argent light
Full-orb'd, and chears with rays the gloomy ſhades
of night.

EPODE IV.

The echoing woods, and vaulted temples round,
Ring with the jocund ſhouts, and feſtive ſtrain.
Following their great example, we reſound
Their glories who the Olympic Olive gain:
And in the far-reſounding verſe
The manly Victor's praiſe rehearſe,

And tune the Hymn to awful JOVE;
Who, 'mid the ſapphire plains above,
Bids the bright-gleaming lightning fly,
And darts the thunder thro' the trembling ſky.
Breath'd to ſoft flutes ſweet ſounds the lingering lay,
Which, form'd on DIRCE's brink, though long deferr'd, we pay.

STROPHE V.

As grateful comes the long-hop'd air;
As to the expecting ſire whom age and pain
To ſecond childhood bend again,
The happy offſpring of a legal heir:
The joyful tidings ſtraight impart
New vigor to his ſinking heart;
For wealth itſelf the dying breaſt offends,
When to a ſtranger's hand the envied gift deſcends.

A N-

ANTISTROPHE V.

So he who at dread Pluto's gate
Arrives unſung;—though worth and fair renown
His every word and action crown,
What ſhining honor ſhall that worth await?
Thy ears, the lyre, and dulcet flute,
Agesidamus! ſhall ſalute;
O'er thy fair fame diſtil mellifluous lays,
And all Pieria's Choir afford thee ample praiſe.

EPODE V.

And on his country too we muſt beſtow
The faithful tribute of a votive verſe;
On Locris' race the honied ſtream ſhall flow,
While their victorious ſon my lays rehearſe;
Whom, by Olympia's awful ſhrine,
My eyes beheld, with ſtrength divine,

In the ſtern conflict bear away
The envied trophies of the day.
Lovely his form, while youth's ſoft grace
Shed ſmiling beauty o'er his face;
Youth's bloom divine, which, join'd to potent Love,
The ruthleſs arm of Death from GANYMEDES drove. 140

NOTES.

Ver. 12. *But now the ſong with intereſt I'll repay.*] PINDAR, having ſo long delayed ſending the Ode, according to his promiſe, accompanied it with another ſmall one, to atone for his neglect: this is the eleventh Ode; which is from thence called Τόκος, Intereſt. It is tranſlated by WEST.

Ver. 17. *Where, gently fann'd by* ZEPHYR's *balmy breeze,*
Fair TRUTH *o'er* LOCRIS' *colony preſides.*]

There was a colony of LOCRIANS eſtabliſhed in that part of ITALY called MAGNA GRÆCIA: who, from their weſtern ſituation, were ſtiled EPIZEPHYRIAN LOCRIANS. AGESIDAMUS was of this colony; the Ode being inſcribed in the original, Ἀγησιδάμῳ, Λοκρῷ Ἐπιζεφυρίῳ.

Ver

Ver. 21. *Bold* CYCNUS, *in the hard-fought field,*
Forced HERCULES *at firſt to yield.*]

HERCULES, making war with CYCNUS, the ſon of MARS, (the CYCNUS ſlain by ACHILLES was a ſon of NEPTUNE,) on account of his cruelty, was at firſt defeated, though he afterwards overcame and killed him. From this circumſtance, and from PATROCLUS being encouraged by the exhortations of ACHILLES at the ſiege of TROY, he conſoles AGESIDAMUS for being worſted at the beginning of the conflict, till he aſſumed freſh ſtrength and ſpirits from the encouragement of ILAS, his Ἀλείπλης, or Anointer; whoſe buſineſs it was, not only to prepare the Combatants for the conteſt by anointing them, but alſo to inſtruct them in the Athletic Exerciſes; as appears from what is ſaid of MELESIAS in the eighth OLYMPIC Ode, who in the title of it is ſtiled Ἀλείπλης, Unctor. This ILAS the elder Scholiaſt calls IOLAS; and the younger Scholiaſt, and after him SUDORIUS, HYLUS. I have choſen to keep the name as it is in PINDAR.

Ver. 35. JOVE's *Feſtival and ſolemn Game,*
With which ALCIDES *honor'd* PELOPS' *Shrine.*]

The Poet here gives an account of the firſt Inſtitution of the OLYMPIC Games, by HERCULES, after the victory he had obtained over AUGEAS, and his allies CTEATUS and EURYTUS, ſons of NEPTUNE and MOLIONE; with whom he made war, to obtain the reward promiſed him by AUGEAS, and to revenge the loſs of his army, which had been before cut to pieces by CTEATUS and EURYTUS; in which were ſlain his brother IPHICLES, and alſo TELAMON and CALCEDON.

Ver. 62. *The* ALTIS' *conſecrated ground.*] The ALTIS was a grove near the OLYMPIC STADIUM, ſacred to JUPITER; in which were placed the Statues of the OLYMPIC Conquerors. *In WEST's Diſſertation there is a particular account of it.

Ver.

Ver. 65. *Who, worſhip'd with the imperial train*
Of high OLYMPUS, *ſhares the ſacrifice.*]

In the original it is,

Μετὰ δώδεκ' ἀνάκτων θεῶν.

There were ſix Altars erected by HERCULES, to twelve of the principal Gods: the firſt was dedicated to JUPITER and NEPTUNE; the ſecond, to JUNO and MINERVA; the third, to MERCURY and APOLLO; the fourth, to BACCHUS and the GRACES; the fifth, to DIANA and ALPHEUS; the ſixth, to SATURN and RHEA.

Ver. 85. *On the long* STADIUM's *even courſe.*] The Poet here gives the names of the Conquerors at the firſt inſtitution of the OLYMPIC Games, in the ſix different exerciſes, viz. the Foot Race; the Palé, or Wreſtling; the Cæſtus; the Chariot Race; Darting; and Throwing the Diſcus; all of which, with other exerciſes added afterwards, are accurately deſcribed in WEST's Diſſertation on the OLYMPIC Games.

Ver. 112. ——*form'd on* DIRCE's *brink*——] DIRCE was the name of a fountain near THEBES, ſuppoſed to have have been wife to LYCUS, King of THEBES, and transformed into a fountain by JUPITER, after having been torn to pieces by horſes, for her cruelty to ANTIOPE.

THE

THE THIRTEENTH

OLYMPIC ODE.

To XENOPHON of CORINTH, on his Victory in the Stadic Courſe, and Pentathlon, at OLYMPIA.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet begins his Ode, by complimenting the family of XENOPHON, *on their ſucceſſes in the* OLYMPIC *Games, and their hoſpitality; and then celebrates their country,* CORINTH, *for it's good government, and for the quick genius of it's inhabitants, in the invention of many uſeful and ornamental Arts. He then implores* JUPITER *to continue his bleſſings on them, and to remain propitious to* XENOPHON; *whoſe exploits he enumerates, together with thoſe of* THESSALUS *and* PTŒODORUS, *his father and grandfather. He then launches out again in praiſe of* CORINTH *and her Citizens, and relates the ſtory of* BELLEROPHON. *He then, checking himſelf for digreſſing ſo far, returns to his Hero, relates his various ſucceſs in the inferior Games of* GREECE, *and concludes with a Prayer to* JUPITER.

STROPHE

STROPHE I.

WHILST I rehearſe the illuſtrious Houſe's Praiſe,
Thrice Victor in OLYMPIA's ſportive war,
To friends and ſtrangers open; let my lays
The fame of happy CORINTH bear afar:
Which as a gate to NEPTUNE's ISTHMUS ſtands,
Proud of her blooming youth and manly bands;
There, fair EUNOMIA, with her ſiſter train
Bleſt PEACE and JUSTICE, hold their ſteady reign;
Who wealth and ſmiling eaſe on mortals ſhower,
From THEMIS' genial care drawing their natal hour.

ANTISTROPHE I.

But bloated inſolence and fell diſdain
Far from their peaceful ſeats they drive away.
Now lovely deeds inſpire my ſounding ſtrain,
And honeſt boldneſs ſwells my riſing lay;

When

When native worth the generous boſoms feel,
'Tis hard the ſhining virtues to conceal.
Corinth, on thee the blooming hours beſtow
The envied wreaths from manly deeds that flow,
And teach thy dædal ſons with careful heart,
Firſt to explore the way of many a uſeful art.

EPODE I.

Who bade the bullock ſacred bleed
To Bacchus in the Dithyrambic Rite?
Who firſt with reins the generous ſteed
Directed in his rapid flight?
And bade the ſculptur'd bird of Jove
The temple's maſſy roofs above,
For ever fix'd on either end,
His ornamental wings extend?
While the ſweet Muse her ſilver ſounds inſpires,
And Mars with glorious flame the warriors boſom fires.

STROPHE

STROPHE II.

Olympia's honor'd Patron! potent Jove!
Whoſe ſovereign mandates o'er the world extend,
O with propitious ear my ſtrain approve,
And, to fair Corinth's virtuous ſons a friend,
On Xenophon let gales propitious breathe,
And take with hand benign the victor wreath
He won: ſurpaſſing, when on Pisa's ſhore,
What mortal valor had perform'd before;
The Stadic Courſe re-echo'd his renown,
And with knit limbs he gain'd the Pentathletic
Crown.

ANTISTROPHE II.

And twice conſpicuous on the trophied Courſe
The Isthmian Parſley graced his Victor brow;
Nor Nemea's Cirque contemn'd the Hero's Force.—
And where the ſacred waves of Alpheus flow

His father Thessalus the Olive wore
By ſwiftneſs gain'd, and ſince on Pythia's ſhore,
One ſun beheld his might, 'mid wondering eyes
Obtain the Stadic, and Diaulic Prize;
And the ſame month, to grace his lovely brow,
The third triumphal Wreath did Attica beſtow.

EPODE II.

Seven times Hellotia crown'd his force,
And ſince on Isthmus ſea-encircled plain,
Victors in Neptune's ſacred courſe,
He and his Sire the Prize obtain.
The ſwelling joy, the ſounding ſong,
Still follow as they go along;
What wreaths! what honors! too, they bore
From Pythia's, and from Nemea's ſhore!—

He who recounts their various crowns, as well
May number all the ſands where ocean's billows
ſwell.

STROPHE III.

Some medium though will every praiſe beſeem,—
Which 'tis the firſt of wiſdom ſtill to know.—
While, with no alien voice, the much-lov'd theme
The fame of CORINTH from my lips ſhall flow;
And I her Chiefs, and prudent Sires rehearſe,
No ſounds fallacious ſhall diſgrace my verſe:
There SISYPHUS aroſe, whoſe wiles could ſhine
With matchleſs force and luſtre near divine;
MEDEA there, whom VENUS' flames inſpire
The GRECIAN ſhip to ſave, and cheat her cruel
ſire.

ANTISTROPHE III.

When warr'd the Greeks on Phrygia's hoſtile
ſtrand,
On either ſide her ſons embattled ſtood,
Though to bear Helen from the ill-fated land;
Her warriors with the Atridæ croſs'd the flood;
Yet ſome, who thoſe with vengeful ſpears repell'd
From Corinth's race their honor'd lineage held,
For Lycian Glaucus to the Achaian hoſt
Trembling before his lance, would often boaſt
His ſire's abode, and wealth, and wide domain,
Where fair Pirene's waves enrich the fertile
plain.

EPODE III.

Who by the ſilver fountain's ſide
Much labor found, and much affliction knew,

While

While winged PEGASUS he tried
MEDUSA's offspring to ſubdue;
Till, ſleeping on his native plains,
MINERVA gave the golden reins;
'Awake, ÆOLIAN King! awake!
'This ſacred gift with tranſport take;
'Shew it to NEPTUNE, potent God of ſteeds,
'While at his hallow'd Shrine the votive bullock bleeds."

STROPHE IV.

The Ægis-bearing Maid MINERVA ſpoke,
While midnight ſlumbers clos'd his heavy eyes;
Straight from the dull embrace of ſleep he broke,
And ſeiz'd with eager hand the glittering prize:
CÆRANUS' ſon he ſought, the neighbouring Seer,
And pour'd the wond'rous tidings in his ear;

That, as in awful Pallas' holy Fane,
Sleep o'er his temples ſpread her leaden reign,
Before him ſtood confeſs'd the warlike Maid,
And by his ſide at once the golden bridle laid.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

The wondering Augur bade him ſtraight obey
Each myſtic mandate of the dream divine;
To Neptune firſt the votive bullock pay,
Then to equeſtrian Pallas rear a ſhrine:
Beyond his hopes the Gods with favoring will
The object of his wiſhes ſoon fulfil;
For brave Bellerophon, with joyful look,
The ſacred preſent of the Immortals took;
Threw it with eaſe about his arching head,
And peaceful in his hand the ethereal courſer led.

EPODE

EPODE IV.

Now, ſhining in refulgent arms,
The winged PEGASUS his limbs beſtrode;
And, ſeeking war's ſevere alarms,
To AMAZONIA's plains he rode;
And, 'midſt the chilling reign of froſt,
O'ercame the Female Archer-Hoſt.
His arms CHIMÆRA's flames ſubdue;
The dauntleſs SOLYMI he ſlew.—
I paſs the death his cruel fate decreed,
When JOVE's eternal ſtalls receiv'd the immortal
Steed.

STROPHE V.

While thus the ſhafts of harmony I throw,
Let me not aim too wide with erring hand;
The MUSES now command the ſtrain to flow
To OLYGÆTHIDÆ's triumphant band;

Recount the early praiſe and young renown,
On Isthmus' and on Nemea's Cirque they won;
In verſe conciſe ſtupendous deeds diſplay,
And with an oath confirm the wonderous lay;
On either courſe alike their ſkill was fam'd,
For ſixty Victor Wreaths the Herald's voice proclaim'd.

ANTISTROPHE V.

How oft their brows the Olympic Olive graced,
To Fame already have my numbers given;
What future crowns ſhall on their heads be placed,
Though we may hope, is only known to Heaven:
Yet if new ſtrifes their genius bids them prove,
We truſt the event to Mars, and mighty Jove.
Oft from Parnassus' heights the meed they bore
And Argos' fields, and Thebes' reſounding ſhore;

And

And in LYCÆAN JOVE's imperial Fane
Recorded ſtand their toils on fair ARCADIA's plain.

EPODE V.

PELLENE's fields, and SYCION's coaſt;
MEGARA, and the ÆACIDES' domain;
ELEUSIS's cirque, and, Freedom's boaſt,
Fair MARATHON's triumphant plain;
Proud ÆTNA, and EUBŒA green,
Have their victorious trophies ſeen.
Through GRECIA's realms their large amount
Of wreaths, in vain the MUSE would count.—
Aſſiſt, immortal JOVE! my ſoaring lays,
And crown with honor'd eaſe my calm-revolving days.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. ——*the illuſtrious Houſe,*
Thrice Victor in Olympia's *ſportive war,*]

The Poet here alludes to the ſeveral Prizes gained by Xenophon, his father Thessalus, and his grandfather Ptoeodorus; all which are mentioned in the Ode, and not to three Prizes won by Xenophon alone, as ſome Commentators have imagined, making Σταδίῳ δρόμῳ not to ſignify One Exerciſe, but Two. I leave the preciſe meaning of theſe words to be determined by thoſe who are more curious in conjectures of this ſort; but I think the Poet's intention is put out of all doubt by the expreſſion οἶκον τρισολυμπιονίκαν; which plainly relates to Xenophon's family, and not to himſelf only.

Ver. 25. *And bade the ſculptur'd bird of* Jove,
The temple's maſſy roofs above,
For ever fix'd on either end,
His ornamental wings extend?]

This is rather an obſcure paſſage, and relates to a particular ornament of the Grecian temple, viz. the Aëtoma, or figure of an Eagle placed there; the invention of which the Poet here aſcribes to the Corinthians. The Scholiaſt adds, it was called double, from it's form; or rather from their being one placed at each end of the temple; Δίδυμον δέ φησιν ὅτι διπλᾶτον ἀετώμαῖα τὰ ὄπισθεν καὶ ἔμπροσθεν. Sudorius only differs from me by placing it within the temple; and perhaps he is in the right, as the word in the original is, ἔνθηκ᾽;

——*vel intra,*
Templa aquilæ ſpeciem locavit?

I have ſeen a Latin Comment on Pindar, which ſuppoſes ἀέτωμα to mean a part of the temple itſelf, and to be ſo called, from it's extending on each ſide as an eagle does it's

it's wings. 'Sciendum eſt ἀίτωμα locum & partem templi 'fuiſſe, ita dictam quæ ἀίτῳ etiam dicta eſt propterea quod 'in modum aquilæ extendentis alas formata eſſet.' *Comment. in Pind. auctore Benedicto Aretio Bernenſi*, p. 189. It will readily occur to the Reader, that a part of our Churches is now called the *ail*, from the ſame circumſtance.

Ver. 37. *Surpaſſing, when on* PISA's *ſhore,*
What mortal valor had perform'd before;
The STADIC *Courſe re-echo'd his renown,*
And with knit limbs he gain'd the PENTATHLETIC *Crown.*]

The mention only of two Prizes here, confirms, I think, my opinion of the paſſage ſpoken of in the firſt Note. The PENTATHLON conſiſted of five different Exerciſes, viz. Leaping, Running, Quoiting, Darting, and Wreſtling; thus expreſſed in a GREEK Epigram:

Ἴσθμια κ᾽ Πυθοὶ Διοφῶν ὁ Φίλωνος ἵνικα,
Ἅλμα, Ποδωκείην, Δίσκον, Ἀκόντια, Πάλην.
Anthologia, l. i. cap. 1. epig. 8.

What made it ſo extraordinary for the PENTATHLETE to ſucceed in any of the other exerciſes, was the great application, and ſtrict and peculiar regimen, neceſſary to be obſerved in the attaining perfection in any one of the Gymnaſtic Exerciſes; which care the PENTATHLETE was obliged to divide amongſt ſo many. PLATO confirms this in his Ἐραſταὶ; where he makes SOCRATES anſwer to a perſon who aſſirms philoſophy to conſiſt in a general knowledge: Δοκεῖς γάρ μοι λέγειν οἷον ἐν τῇ ἀγωνίᾳ εἰσὶν οἱ Πένταθλοι πρὸς τὲς δρομέας, ἢ τὲς παλταστὰς, κ᾽ γὰρ ἐκεῖναι τέτων μὲν λείπονται κατὰ τὰ τέτων ἄθλα, κ᾽ δεύτεροι εἰσί, πρὸς τέτες τῶν δ᾽ ἄλλων ἀθλητῶν, πρῶτοι, κ᾽ νικῶσιν αὐτὲς. 'You ſeem to ſpeak of a perſon 'like the PENTATHLETE; who, when matched with a 'Runner, or Darter, in their own particular exerciſes, is 'always inferior, though he may be the firſt among the 'other

'other Athletes (i. e. *those of his own profession*,) and over-'come them.' Longinus has also a passage much to the same purpose; when, comparing Hyperides with Demosthenes, he mentions the various merits of the former, and says, 'He bears the second rank in almost every thing, 'like a Pentathlete, who, though he may be inferior 'to those who hold the first estimation in their several par-'ticular exercises, yet excels all others of the same class 'with himself:' Ὡς ὁ Πένταθλος, ὅτι τῶν μὲν πρωτείων ἐν ἅπασι τῶν ἄλλων ἀγωνισῶν λείπεσθαι, πρωτεύειν δὲ τῶν ἰδιωτῶν.

Ver. 42. *The* Isthmian *Parsley graced his Victor brow.*] The Prizes in the four sacred Games are enumerated in the following line:

Ἆθλα δὲ τῶν Κότινος, Μῆλα, Σέλινα, Πίτυς.

The latter of which, *i. e.* a Garland made of the leaves of the wild Pine, was the reward given in the Isthmian Games. But Pindar's Scholiast informs us, that σέλινα, the Parsley, was also sometimes given at the Isthmian Games, as well as the Nemean; only with this difference, that the Isthmian Parsley was dried, and the Nemean green. The third Question of the fifth Book of Plutarch's Symposiacs, assigns the reasons for changing the Pine branch for the Parsley, and afterwards restoring the Pine again.

Ver. 48. ——Diaulic *Prize.*] The Diaulus was a Foot Race, twice the length of the Stadic, consisting of Two Stadia, as that did of One Stadium.

Ver. 69. ———Medea———]

Aloes, and Aetes the father of Medea, were sons of Apollo and Antiope; and Apollo gave Arcadia to Aloes, and Corinth to Aetes; who, not being satisfied with his dominion, went and settled at Colchis in Scythia.

Ver.

Ver. 77. *For* LYCIAN GLAUCUS *to the* ACHAIAN *hoſt,*
Trembling before his lance, would often boaſt
His ſire's abode, and wealth, and vaſt domain,
Where fair PIRENE's *waves enrich the fertile plain.*]

GLAUCUS was King of LYCIA, Great Great Grandſon to BELLEROPHON; though PINDAR ſays Παῖρὸς ἀρχὰν, κ. τ. λ. He was an ally of PRIAM's at the ſiege of TROY. In HOMER, he gives an account of his whole lineage, and the ſtory of BELLEROPHON, at large, in his ſpeech to DIOMEDES, in the ſixth ILIAD. It is too long to inſert here.

Ver. 121. *While thus the ſhafts of harmony I throw.*] This is another inſtance of that manner of expreſſion I have taken notice of in the Note upon the fifth line of the ninth Ode.

Ver. 124. *To* OLIGÆTHIDÆ's *triumphant band.*] The OLIGÆTHIDÆ were a tribe, or diviſion of the people, at CORINTH, to which XENOPHON belonged. The Scholiaſt ſays, the number of their prizes was equal in each of the Games, viz. thirty in the ISTHMIAN, and thirty in the NEMEAN. Ἑξηκοντάκις γὰρ ἀμφότεροι τοῖς ἀγῶσιν Ἰσθμίοις καὶ Νεμέοις ἀνεκυρήχθησαν οἱ Ὀλιγαιθίδαι, τριάκοντα ἐν ἑκάστῳ ἀγῶνι.

Ver. 137. *Oft from* PARNASSUS' *heights,* &c.] The Poet here, as in ſeveral of his other Odes, enumerates the exploits of his patron and his family, in thoſe inferior feſtivals which were held in almoſt every city throughout GREECE; and where the ſame exerciſes were performed, though the prizes were not ſo honorable as in the four principal ones, viz. the OLYMPIC, PYTHIAN, NEMEAN, and ISTHMIAN; which were called, by way of eminence, ſacred. A liſt of theſe feſtivals, with the occaſion of them, and the places where they were held, may be found in the twentieth Chapter of the firſt Volume of *Potter*'s *Grecian Antiquities.*

TWO

FRAGMENTS

OF

PINDAR's THRENI,

PRESERVED BY PLUTARCH.

ON THE SITUATION OF THE BLEST.

WHILE ſable night o'er mortal' heads
Her gloomy mantle ſilent ſpreads,
On them with undiminiſh'd blaze
Pours ſhining SOL his ſplendid rays.
When iſſuing from the poliſh'd dome
To tread the fragrant meads they roam,
Charming the eye, on every ſide
The roſe diſplays it's purple pride;

Each

Each bough with golden fruitage bends,
Each flower a heavenly perfume ſends.
There ſome reſtrain the courſer's fire,
Some wake the ſoul-delighting lyre,
While rapturous bliſs, and thrilling joy,
At once their every ſenſe employ.
Thick from the ſhining altars round
Which frequent grace the hallow'd ground,
The rolling clouds of incenſe riſe,
And waft their odors to the ſkies.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

'TIS friendly Death alone beſtows
A refuge ſure from human woes.
What though our mortal frames await
The inevitable ſtroke of Fate,
Given by the Gods, the immortal Mind
Unhurt, ſhall life eternal find:
Though oft when toil ſubdues the breaſt
Awhile ſhe ſink to ſilent reſt,
Yet when in balmy ſleep we lie
Around her active ſenſes fly,
And clearly-boding dreams impart
Her judgment to the ſlumbering heart,
Which Bliſs, fair Virtue's meed declare,
For Vice, the pangs of ſad Deſpair.

A GREEK SCOLION, OR SONG, BY CALLISTRATUS, ON HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON*.

IN myrtle wreaths my ſword I bear,
As, fir'd by zeal, the illuſtrious pair
Conceal'd from view the avenging ſword
The haughty Tyrant's breaſt that gor'd,
And ATHEN's equal rights reſtor'd.

Belov'd

* HARMODIUS and ARISTOGEITON, who are celebrated in this Scolion, ſlew HIPPARCHUS the Tyrant of ATHENS, in the PANATHENÆAN Feſtival; concealing their ſwords in the branches of myrtle that were carried on that occaſion. This Song was in ſuch requeſt, as to be conſtantly ſung at every Entertainment during the ATHENIAN Republic; inſomuch, that the ſaying, ſuch a Perſon had never ſung HARMODIUS with one, was equivalent to ſaying he never had eaten at one's houſe. The preſent BISHOP of LON-

Belov'd HARMODIUS! Death in vain
O'er thee uſurp'd a tranſient reign.
Thoſe happy Iſles thy footſteps tread
Where amaranthine flowers are ſhed
On PELEUS' Son, and DIOMED.

In myrtle wreaths my ſword I bear,
As, fir'd by zeal, the illuſtrious pair
Their patriot weapons veil'd from ſight,
When in MINERVA's ſolemn rite
HIPPARCHUS ſunk to endleſs night.

DON, in his Prelections on the Sacred Poeſy of the HEBREWS, partly imputes the effectual expulſion of the PISISTRATIDÆ to the popularity of this Song. The laſt inſtance the ATHENIANS gave of their Democratical Spirit, was the erecting the Statues of BRUTUS and CASSIUS, by thoſe of HARMODIUS and ARISTOGEITON.

Eternal

Eternal glory's deathleſs meed
Shall, lov'd HARMODIUS, crown thy deed,
And brave ARISTOGEITON's ſword,
Becauſe the Tyrant's breaſt ye gor'd,
And ATHENS' equal rights reſtor'd.

A FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES.

DANAË, with her infant Son PERSEUS, was expoſed in a * Veſſel to the fury of the waves, by order of her Father ACRISIUS.

AS on the well-fram'd Veſſel's ſide
Impetuous pours the ſtormy tide,
Aloud the furious whirlwinds ſound,
And foaming ſurges break around,
DANAË, while tears her cheek bedew,
Her Arm around her Infant threw,

* The word in the original is Λάρναξ, a Coffer, Cheſt, or Caſe. I have rendered it by the general term Veſſel, as it muſt neceſſarily have been made for the purpoſe to which t was applied. Mr. BRYANT ſuppoſes it to allude to the Ark of NOAH. See *Analyſ.* Vol. II. p. 66. Mr. B. GREENE entertains ſome doubt of the antiquity of the Poem from the word Λάρναξ, but it occurs twice in the ILIAD.

And, ‘ ah!’ ſhe cried, ‘ what weight of woe

‘ This wretched breaſt is doom’d to know,

‘ Yet calm my helpleſs babe you lie,

‘ And balmy ſlumber ſeals your eye,

‘ Huſh’d in this drear abode you ſleep

‘ Amid the horrors of the deep,

‘ Now by the moon reveal’d to ſight,

‘ Now wrapp’d in ſhades of gloomy night,

‘ Nor heed the howling waves that ſpread

‘ Tremendous o’er your ſhelter’d head.

‘ In your warm robe you lie reclin’d

‘ Regardleſs of the raging wind.

‘ If all theſe fears to you were fear

‘ My words would pierce your infant ear;

‘ But ſtill may Sleep’s oblivious hand

‘ O’er you extend it’s influence bland,

‘ And

'And O! may Slumber's placid reign
'Lull the rude tempeſt of the main,
'Bid the dread ſcene of terror ceaſe,
'And give my tortur'd boſom peace.'

END OF VOL. I.